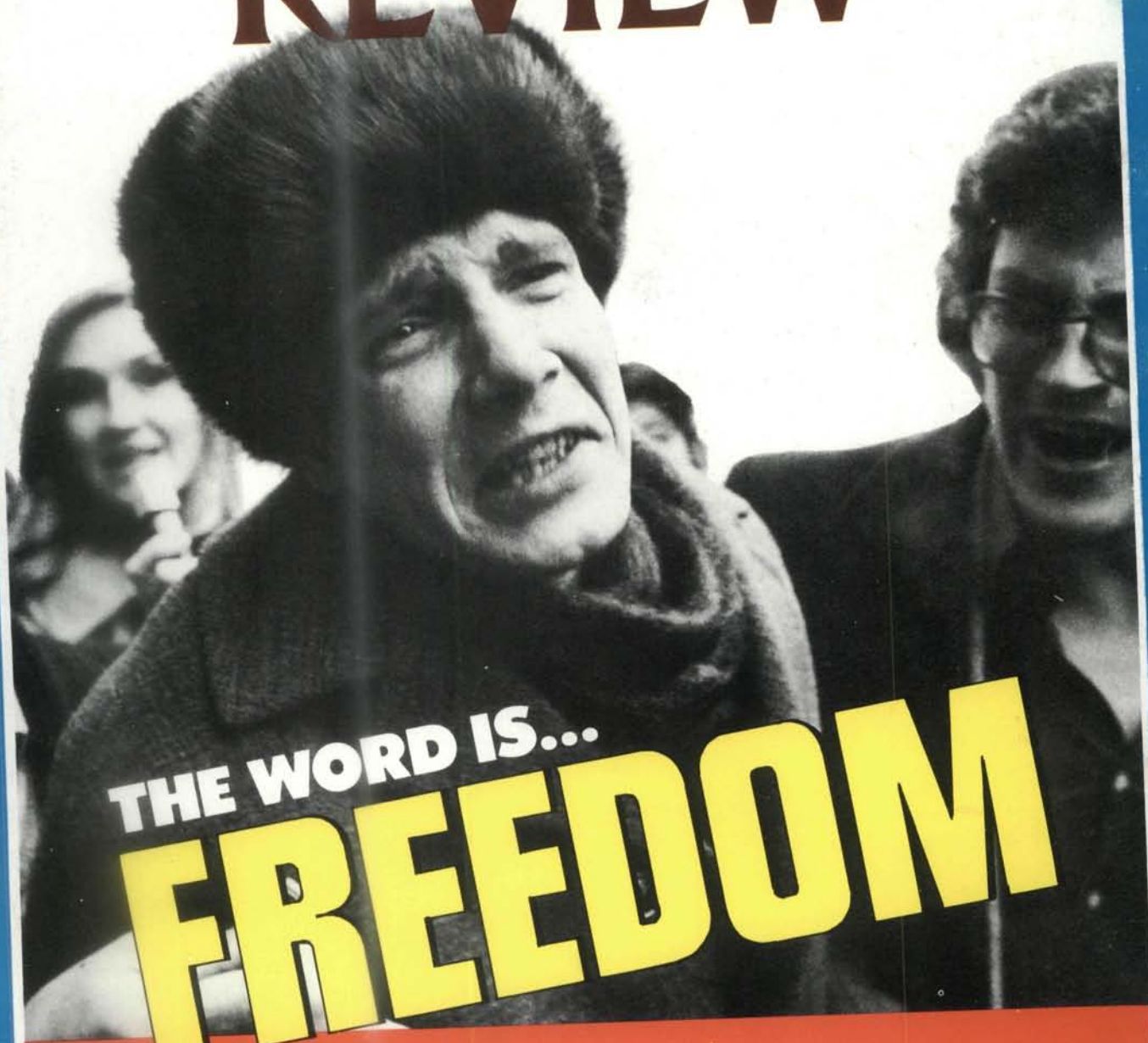
E $1.00

APRIL 1, 1977

IN THIS ISSUE:
An Exclusive Interview with
LADIMIR BUKOVSKY

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE WORD IS... FREEDOM

Also In This Issue:

NOTES FRO[M] THE ROAD: JAMES BURNHAM ON FIVE RETREATS

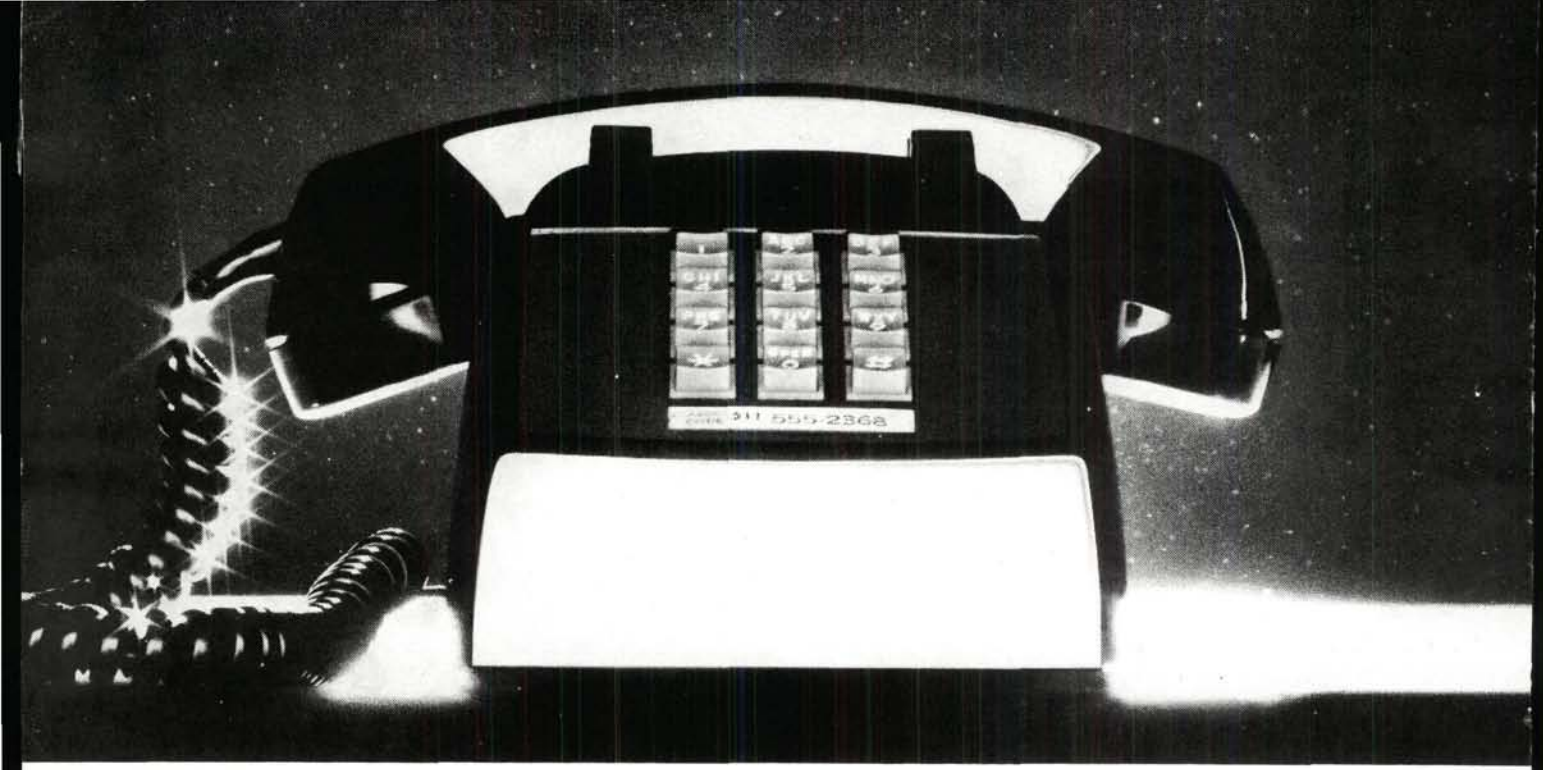
NICHOLAS [illegible] JEFFREY HART

M. E. BRA[illegible] DANIEL OLIVER

M SMTH020E- 024 7707 - 3 30 -

MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



There's at least one thing you can afford that's the very best on earth.

American telephone service is the best in the world. Yet it's well within the reach of virtually every American.

This didn't happen by accident.

Both the quality and economy of your telephone service benefit greatly from technological innovations Bell Laboratories and Western Electric produce for the Bell System.

Money Well Spent...

Genuine innovation doesn't come cheap.

But the money Western Electric spends on research and development at Bell Labs produces a lot of innovation.

About 40% of what Western Electric makes today didn't exist in 1972.

That's triple the amount of innovation of industry in general.

Though such innovation costs a lot, it saves you money.

...Saves You Money.

Take long distance calling, for example. It's one of the few things that costs little more today than 25 years ago. That's because technological improvements have helped hold costs down.

For example, we have increased the capacity of coaxial cable systems from 600 simultaneous conversations in 1941 to 132,000 today.

We've increased sevenfold the capacity of our major microwave transmission system.

And our largest electronic switching system can handle four times the capacity of the previous system.

Innovations like these involve answering engineering and manufacturing questions at the forefront of technology.

Without the intimate flow of information that exists between Bell Labs and Western Electric, many of our innovations would have been much longer in coming.

Some might not have come at all.

A Complex Future.

Many future innovations will be even more complex, requiring even closer interaction.

As part of the Bell System, Western Electric and Bell Labs will continue to put technology to work for you.

So even if you can't afford the best of everything, you'll still be able to afford the best of something: The best telephone service on earth.

Bell Laboratories/Western Electric

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NO RECRIMINATIONS" OVER VIETNAM?

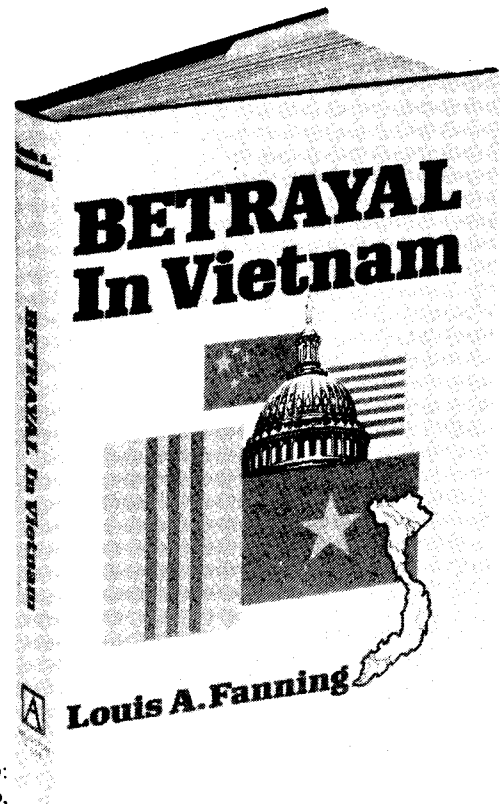
THEN THE GUILTY ONES WILL GET AWAY WITH IT

Until the spring of 1975, America had never lost a war. Then something went wrong in Vietnam. With cynical disregard for the Paris peace accords, North Vietnamese and Vietcong troops swept through the South and closed in on Saigon. Tuning in channel after channel on their television sets, Americans saw the death of our ally in living color. Pitiful South Vietnamese clung to the undercarriages of U.S. helicopters — anything to escape the murderous Communists. Meanwhile, "compassionate" liberal politicians here in the States watched coldly.

Why did it happen? Where were the vaunted South Vietnamese army and air force? Why did nearly a million soldiers give up?

The answer does not lie in Asiatic corruption, maintains Louis A. Fanning. Nor in the alleged superiority of the Communist war machine. Vietnam was lost by the United States Congress.

Professor Fanning shows how, shortly after President Nixon took office, a small group of determined Democrats launched a campaign to undercut his Vietnam policy. Over 50,000 Americans lives were sacrificed to preserve freedom in South Vietnam. But a handful of leftists rallied a majority of their own party in Congress, along with a clutch of renegade Republicans, and crippled our military effort—shackling Southeast Asia to Communist slavery.



HOW THE WAR WAS LOST AT HOME

- Averell Harriman: he "swapped some of the greatest military concessions in history for an agreement on the shape of a bargaining table"
- How Senator Fulbright rigged the hearings of the Foreign Relations Committee
- Congressman lashes out at John Wayne — for producing *The Green Berets*
- Senator Cranston accuses American servicemen of raping little girls
- LBJ Defense Secretary Clark Clifford: his stunning about-face
- How Hanoi manipulated Western newsmen
- Ramsey Clark says not to worry: our POWs get "excellent" treatment
- Fred Harris delivers a message to a secret caucus of congressional liberals
- Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda conduct a seminar on "U.S. imperialism"—*in a congressional hearing room*
- "Political prisoners" in South Vietnam: the real story
- How the liberals delivered their knockout blow—against our own allies

"No recriminations!" cry the liberals. Many Americans will see it differently, after this book.

WHAT MADE THEM ALL TURN TAIL?

Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D., Mass.): "Do we want to defend freedom? We do, because this is our commitment, our heritage, our destiny" (speech at Lowell Technological Institute, November 1965).

Senator George McGovern (D., S. D.): "Actually, North Vietnam cannot benefit any more than South Vietnam from a prolonged conflict. I would hope that we would be prepared to wage such a conflict rather than surrender the area to Communism" (*Congressional Record*, January 15, 1965).

Senator Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.): "I think we must defend freedom in that area, or else see the balance of a large segment of the world tipped against freedom" (*Congressional Record*, August 6, 1964).

Senator Birch Bayh (D., Ind.): "There can be little question that if we are to turn tail and run, the entire Southeast Asia area...would come under Communist domination....We are dealing with Communist conspirators who frankly make no bones about the fact that they desire to conquer the world" (*Congressional Record*, March 16, 1965).

SAVE $8.95

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

165 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

Please send FREE **Betrayal in Vietnam** by Louis A. Fanning and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club expressly for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. I will be offered books on politics, investing, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, Communism, history, etc. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 94% plus shipping. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 24 days—15 times a year. NR 609

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $8.95 for **Betrayal in Vietnam**. Please send postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

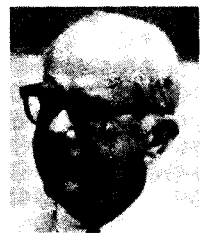
NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 1, 1977
VOL. XXIX, No. 12

COYNE
Page 378

JICINSKI
Page 383

KING
Page 384



BURNHAM
Page 389

SOBRAN
Page 392

BRIDGES
Page 394

ARTICLES

378 **The Word Is Freedom**
In 1963 Vladimir Bukovsky began his career as what Pravda calls a "terrorist"—he passed out copies of Milovan Djilas' *The New Class* at Moscow University. For this and related crimes he spent 11 years in prisons and mental hospitals. Now he is free, and in an exclusive interview tries to convey a sense of how the Soviet system really operates and of what effects detente, Soviet-American trade, and the principle of non-intervention in Soviet affairs will finally have—not only on Russians but on America. *John R. Coyne Jr.*

383 **"That Slanderous Pamphlet"**
Some Czechs are also engaging in terrorism—scaring their rulers by circulating the provisions of the Helsinki accords. There appears to be plenty to be scared of. *B. Jicinski*

384 **Carter and the Church**
The President has told every serious inquirer that his religion governs his life. A recent visitor to Plains dropped in on the local Baptist church and the people who attend it. *Nicholas King*

387 **Local Law 5**
New York continues on its course of suicidal self-improvement—this time with a new fire code. *Daniel Oliver*

COLUMNS

377 **Sorry, Can't Make It**
Our interstate highway boom is bogging down, like several other massive national undertakings. *James Burnham*

386 **Downhill Race**
The European Left is waging a specious war against "authoritarian" education. *Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

388 **Fish or Cut Bait**
Rudolf Augstein doubts that the Resurrection occurred, which doesn't distinguish him from Hans Küng. But he thinks it matters whether it occurred, which does. *Malachi B. Martin*

BOOKS, ARTS, & MANNERS

389 Russia used to have its own Rockefellers, and Robert Tolf chronicles their rise and exile. *James Burnham*

390 Geoffrey Wagner, doing time in the purgatory of CCNY, inspects *The End of Education.* *Jeffrey Hart*

391 Help Line Center handles over 40,000 calls per year from people on the brink. *D. Keith Mano*

392 *Slap Shot* is the triumph of direction over screenplay. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

394 *Fiddler on the Roof* is back (has it ever left?) with all its comedy, and pathos, but only some of its music. *Linda Bridges*

395 Should the Federal Government enforce tougher standards for wine? The California Wine Institute thinks so. *Nika Hazelton*

396 The best of *Kontinent*, the magazine of Iron Curtain dissidents, is now in book form. It throws some unexpected light on the situation and mentality of its authors. *Richard Brookhiser*

397 It is hard to remember that the New Criticism was once, indeed, new—and courageous in its assertion of the autonomy of literature. Some new essays in honor of Cleanth Brooks have come to remind us. *M. E. Bradford*

399 **Dark Horses**
What should the Federal Government do about the mass media? *M. Stanton Evans*

360 **Letters**
365 **For the Record**
366 **The Week**
390 **Random Notes**
402 **On the Right**
404 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover photo by Wide World Photos

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn.

© National Review, Inc., 1977.

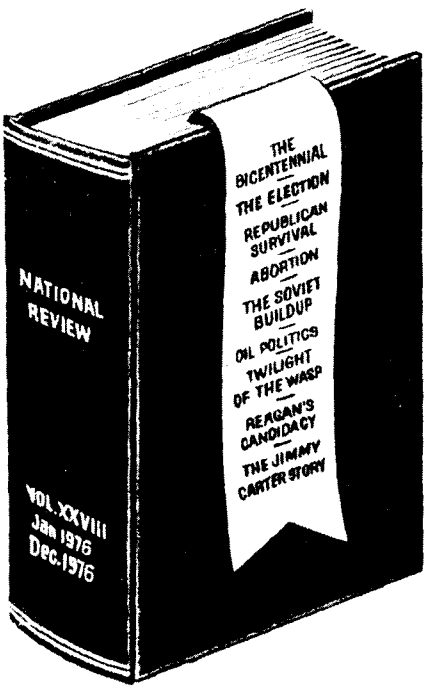
Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$34.00 a year ($19.00 for the 48-page issues, and $15.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Available!

Here is the reason why more and more parents of young children are buying bound volumes of National Review



Each year there is a substantial rise in the number of readers who begin their collection of Bound Volumes of *National Review*. And by far the largest group of these are parents who consider these volumes an investment in the future for their children.

In times like these, all of us feel a great need to see the world as it *really* is; to have a *reliable* account of the hectic days we have been living through.

You get that and a whole lot more with *National Review's* Bound Volume XXVIII, your permanent record of an incredible year. It's all there (every word of NR and the BULLETIN too): history that cannot be rewritten, just as it happened, unclouded by hindsight and misinterpretation. Everything you want (and *need*) to know about the important events of '76 is at your fingertips, fully indexed for quick, easy reference.

The Bicentennial Year

If you've never before bought a Bound Volume, this Bicentennial year edition is the perfect one to begin with. There's plenty of commentary (the Tall Ships, etc.) and some excellent historical articles—plus, of course, the whole blow-by-blow account of the 1976 presidential election. In fact, the entire volume is a treasure trove of original features, articles and cartoons, generously laced with the style and wit that makes NR such reading pleasure. This is particularly important for the parents of young children because, not only will you be making sure *your* children won't be brainwashed about this fateful span of history, you may well be giving them a taste for the sort of reading material that will benefit them for the rest of their lives.

It's a Bargain

The price for Bound Volume XXVIII, despite inflation, has been held to just $30. That makes it a real bargain and one that shouldn't be missed. So start *your* collection now with this handsome volume, bound in rich maroon roxite and imprinted in 24-carat gold—a delight to the eye and a prize addition to any library. You may pay with order or enclose a $10 deposit and we'll bill you for the balance when we ship your copy. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us today. This is a case where you and your whole family really will be glad you did—for years to come.

National Review Bound Volume Dept.
150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Gentlemen:

Please send a copy of National Review Bound Volume XXVIII (@ $30 per volume) to me at the address below. I understand that you will pay for all postage and handling.

☐ *I enclose payment in full of $30.00*

☐ *I enclose a $10.00 deposit. Bill me later for the balance of $20.00*

Name _____ please print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
James Burnham / Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
John R. Coyne Jr. *(Washington)*
W. H. von Dreele
Ernest van den Haag
Nika Hazelton
James Jackson Kilpatrick
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
D. Keith Mano / Malachi B. Martin
Gerhart Niemeyer
William F. Rickenbacker / Francis Russell
M. J. Sobran Jr.
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts, & Manners)

Associates
Carol B. Learsy / Laurie Prothro
Jane Buckley Smith
Jeanne Wacker / Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor
Ruth Berenson
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Jack Chatfield / Miles Copeland
Neal Freeman
Victor Gold / John Greenway
Henry Hazlitt / Will Herberg
John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette
Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount
Daniel Oliver / Alan Reynolds
Morrie Ryskind / William S. Schlamm
Ralph de Toledano
Charles Wallen Jr.
George F. Will
Peter P. Witonski / Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Mary Martinez *Rome*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*

*

Letters

The ex-republican Party

Is the Republican Party dead [March 18]? If it is—and this point occurred to neither Ernest van den Haag, who thinks it isn't; Jeffrey Hart, who thinks it may be; nor Clare Boothe Luce, who thinks it is—then it is because the Republican Party is not republican. It has long since acquiesced in the notion that these United States of America are a democracy, and its spokesmen accept "democratic" as a god-word: a hell of a concession, when your adversary is the "Democratic" Party.

Instead of mounting a brave opposition, built on skepticism of democratic excesses and corruptions, the Republican Party has allowed republicanism to wither. The process is by no means inevitable, as Mrs. Luce appears to think. Even depraved voters aren't altogether shameless (and the average American voter likes to think of himself as pulling the lever for civic-minded and not selfish reasons). But while the Democrats have been appeasing evildoers and weak impulses, the Republicans, eager to get in on the action, have been appeasing the appeasers.

"Though we cannot out-vote them," a wise man has said, "we will out-argue them." A principled and outspoken Republican Party may not always win, but it can keep its opponents on the defensive about their perversions. The Warnke case illustrates my point.

Ogden, Utah MICHAEL EHRSAM

Economic Bravi

Pay Mr. Arthur B. Laffer whatever he wants, but get him as a regular columnist for *NR*. Articles like his "Unemployment and Taxes" [Feb. 4] are what make your magazine as excellent as it is. What a delight it is for me to lay down my Paul Samuelson's 10th and pick up NATIONAL REVIEW (after, of course, washing my hands). *NR*, Tang, and Smokehause Almonds have thus far pulled me through my freshman year. I am eternally grateful. Keep up the superb work.

New York, N.Y. JENNIFER S. CRAIGMILE

Yale Brozen ["The Road to Recovery," March 4] has done the best job yet of explaining in simple terms the counter-productive effects government spending has on the economy.

I believe that President Carter and every member of the Congress should be forced to read, remember, and act according to the teachings of that article.

Lexington, Va. MARTIN H. GURLEY JR.

The Brezhnev Story

You ask, darkly: "Just why was the report of Brezhnev's Prague speech kept secret for over three years?" ["The Week," March 4].

It wasn't. The *New York Times* devoted more than twenty column-inches to the very intelligence report on Brezhnev's rationale for detente that, according to *NR*, "continues to be ignored by the major media" ["The Week," March 18] Might not your bafflement be dispelled parsimoniously by the simple judgment that John W. Finney's story, which merited a three-column head with a cut of Brezhnev on September 17, 1973, is no longer news?

New York, N.Y. JOHN VAN LAER

Controlling What?

Allow me a few thoughts on WFB's column "The Great American Gun War" [Feb. 18]. I wonder whether a majority of Americans favor gun control, as Buckley suggests. I think it depends on the meaning of the term "gun control." If what is meant is the restriction of the ownership of firearms to the law-abiding citizens of the Republic the answer is yes. But if one means the confiscation of firearms by the government—the current usage of the term by the ruling liberal elite—then the answer is no, the majority of Americans do not favor such "controls." Witness the overwhelming defeat at the polls this past November of the Massachusetts confiscation provision, in a state that went for McGovern in '72 and continues to re-elect Kennedy every six years.

As James Burnham never tires of pointing out, and rightly so, distinctions must always be made between a governing class's stated aims and its real goals. The people of Massachusetts and other states have made such a distinction. To their credit they have seen through the liberals' attempt to blame the failure of their "crime control" policies on guns, and they recognize that what is really sought is more power and a public at the mercy of the ruling class. The antidote for this is massive forced doses of James Q. Wilson, Ernest van den Haag, B. Bruce-Briggs, et al.

Sherman, Conn. PAUL R. PETERS

Erratum

The biographical note accompanying Mr. Paul Williams' reply ("A Rebuke of a Rejoinder," March 4) to the piece by Father John J. Lynch (Oct. 29; which in turn responded to an earlier piece by Mr. Williams) stated, incorrectly, that Mr. Williams was an Instructor of Religious Studies at the University of Scranton. Although Mr. Williams was in fact teaching at Scranton in 1976, when his first article

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeared in NR, *he was not a full-time member of the university staff. He is now associated with the Scranton Housing Authority.*—ED.

Unhand That Senator!

No sooner do we finally elect a Republican senator from this state, than does *NR* give him to "(Miss.)" ["For the Record," March 4].

While conceding the tactical value to the GOP of such a move, we of Missouri really must insist that Senator Danforth be returned promptly. The problem, you see, is that the new governor would likely fill the vacancy with yet another (D., Mo.); re-apportionment, alas, is not the answer.

Columbia, Mo. PHIL OLIVER

Voices from Behemoth U.

Please tell Professor Russell Kirk to stick with academic freedom and religion in education and to stay away from college counseling. His last column, "Where Something Is Taught" [Jan. 21], gives the impression that the factors which make up a good education are related to the size of the student body and the probability of being sexually assaulted: both must be small. The article is a hodge-podge of inconsistencies, lack of research, and exaggeration. A few examples:

1. At least three of the schools he recommends are in cities (Washington, D.C. and St. Louis) whose crime rate must exceed that of East Lansing.

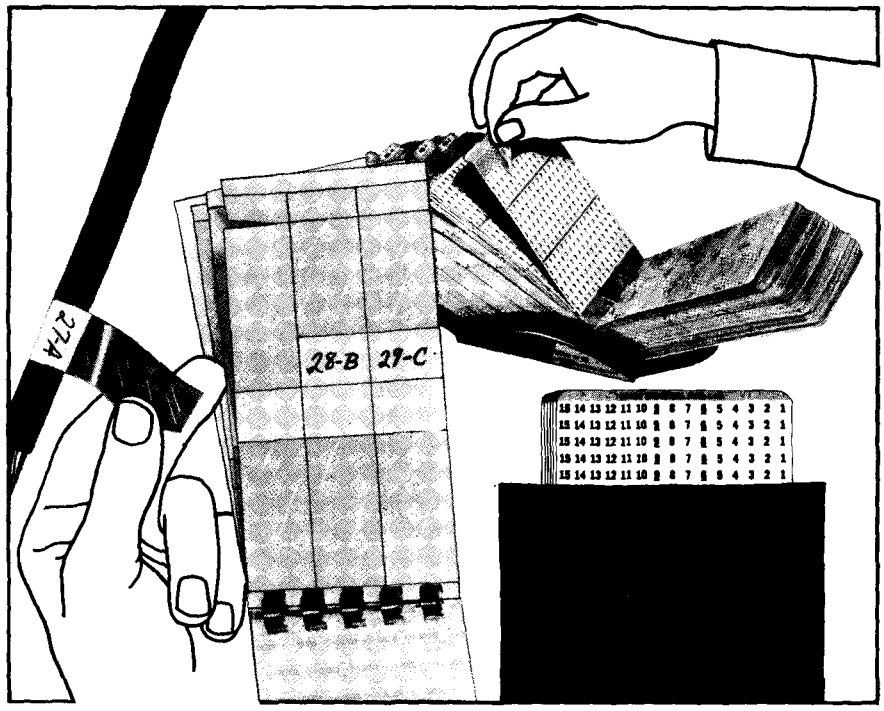
2. The statement that the abler professors at Behemoth University would rather "be just about anywhere else" is absolute balderdash. Good professors want to be where there are bright students, outstanding libraries, and the challenge provided by research.

3. Someone said, "If you wish to learn, sit at the feet of great men." The chances of that occurring at New Haven, Chicago, or Berkeley seem to me far greater than at Calabasas, Rockford, or Sewanee, and many will endure a Hobbesian life condition for it. Besides, has Kirk ever had the vile thought about what a bright undergraduate with his juices running is going to do in Calabasas on a Saturday night?

4. How about a few facts: e.g., what schools are the Rhodes, Fulbright, and Woodrow Wilson fellowship winners coming from? For the last three years I have selected NSF fellowship winners in mathematics (a subject not requiring lavish scientific facilities), and with very rare exceptions they come from the Ivy League, Chicago, MIT, Cal Tech, and the Behemoths. Reason—outstanding professors and healthy, strong competition, an ingredient of learning which Kirk seems to have overlooked.

Finally, what in blazes does the fact that a "porn queen" is enrolled at Michigan State have to do with Kirk's arguments that I should send my children to a small liberal arts college? For the record,

Brady's got a system



for on-the-job electrical identification

Now your men can carry all the identification they need for on-location jobs. Brady systems are compact, portable and complete — permit fast convenient marking and write-on labeling wherever it's needed.

And you have a choice to meet specific needs. Porta-Pack™ wire marking kits slip into a shirt pocket or tool box, contain up to 450 full size markers and matching terminal markers. Self-sticking markers pop-up and remove fast for instant application.

Quik-File wire marking system is designed for identifying quantities of wires with a large variety of codes. This handy file holds as many as 500 cards of wire and terminal markers. Accessibility and quick selection speed work.

Porta-Pack™ cable markers come in pocket-size books and are designed for write-on coding. Clear, self-laminating vinyl film protects message permanently. Markers are tough, conformable vinyl — resist water, oils, alcohol, fungus and abrasion. They can be pre-printed too, for circuit, line, conduit or run number.

Get complete details on Brady identification systems. Write or call W. H. Brady Co., 2221 W. Camden Rd., Milwaukee, WI 53201, 414/332-8100

the identification people

BRADY®

W. H. Brady Co. EST 1914
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

WIRE AND CABLE MARKERS & ACCESSORIES • CUSTOM MADE MARKERS • PRE-CUT MASKS, TAPES & QUALITY SELF-STICKING IDENTIFICATION • DISTRIBUTORS WORLDWIDE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1976 INDEX

for the

NATIONAL REVIEW and Bulletin

Names, places, events, and institutions—the news and newsmakers of 1975. Find them all in your NATIONAL REVIEW, but find them first in the NR Annual Index.

Hundreds of references to subjects and names, all arranged so you can quickly and easily find exactly the information you need.

Prepared in cooperation with the editors of NR, the Index covers a full year of both the magazine and Bulletin, and is an indispensable companion to your NR collection.

$1.50 each plus 25¢ per copy for postage and handling. (50¢ per copy for foreign orders)

Back index editions also still available from 1973 onwards. When ordering, mention magazine title and specify volume years desired. Please be sure to include correct postage – avoid having your order returned.

NATIONAL REVIEW INDEX
Box 2228 Falls Church, Va., 22042

Please find enclosed $_____ for the following at $1.50 each,

Print Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I have lectured to topless-bar waitresses and rock musicians, and the last nightclub belly dancer I taught is now finishing her doctorate in medical physics.

Los Angeles, Calif. DAVID A. SÁNCHEZ
Professor of Mathematics, UCLA

I am interested in correcting Russell Kirk, even if he is not interested in reporting carefully.

Of the 16 attacks on women reported in Ann Arbor in October and November, three, not all, were rapes. What is more, all the attacks are supposed to have been committed by the same person, not by various members of the student community. He is not a "learner," either, if the man now in custody is the one responsible, but a native of Mississippi who drifted up to Michigan.

Our rapists are as uneducated as any; when I stay inside at night, it's not prowling med students I'm worried about. Nor is Ann Arbor the only gathering place for the cheap-minded: the Harvard campus is infamous for its rapes—we don't even try to compete.

As one who cannot afford to go to Princeton or Yale, I wish to register my disgust, on behalf of everyone who is nursing the wounds inflicted by Mr. Kirk's insulting article.

Ann Arbor, Mich. LISA JACOBS

Not Quite So?

Shortly after the November election, a *New York Times*-CBS poll was taken which "showed" that Ronald Reagan would have lost to Carter in pretty much the same ratio that Ford had. One would have expected an even moderately cynical conservative to have at least some reservation about accepting the poll's conclusion, considering the known bias of its sponsors.

It was therefore a bit surprising that "For the Record" [Jan. 21] would repeat the item without any question or qualification, as "showing" what would have happened. Even putting aside any problem regarding bias, *NR* should have pointed out that the poll was, at best, inconclusive. After all, Reagan was precluded, unlike Ford, from campaigning for himself after the Convention had made its choice. There is certainly more than a slight chance that, had the articulate and forceful Reagan been nominated, the results, not only of the overstructured debates, but of the whole campaign would have been altered by, minimally, a couple of percentage points.

Chicago, Ill. W. J. HILLMERT

My confidence in NATIONAL REVIEW has been shaken by an account in "The Week" [Dec. 10] of a 1962 uprising in the USSR. The offending sentence: "The troops called in tanks and sealed off the plant, and shot children out of the trees with submachine guns."

Surely NATIONAL REVIEW does not need such distortion of fact to prove Soviet villainy! Regarding the incident, the *New York Times* reports: "Soldiers . . . fired submachine guns over the crowd, hitting boys who had climbed up in trees to watch." With the commotion that followed, the troops began firing into the crowd. If the *Times* report is accurate, your readers have been poorly served.

Roslyn Heights, N.Y. TOM SHUFORD

Kong, Son of the Morning

One should not infer from Mr. Hugh Kenner's discussion of Milton in his review of *King Kong* ["Miltonic Monkey," Nov. 26] that Milton ended up portraying Satan as the hero of *Paradise Lost* even though he did not set out to do so. Indeed, the following excerpt clearly shows that Satan's character was to be used to dramatize the limited imagination of evil, and how evil confounds itself:

> *The high permission of all-ruling Heaven*
> *Left him at large to his own dark designs,*
> *That with reiterated crimes he might*
> *Heap on himself damnation, while he sought*
> *Evil to others, and enrag'd might see*
> *How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth*
> *Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn*
> *On Man by him seduc't, but on himself*
> *Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.* (I, 212-20)

It was not until Blake's proto-Romantic dictum that doing evil is superior to doing nothing that Satan was mistakenly viewed by many as the hero of the poem, rather than the dissembling villain Milton intended him to be.

New Haven, Conn. RICHARD M. RASIEJ

Hugh Kenner's article on the connection between the movie classic *King Kong* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* perpetuates an error about the latter which C. S. Lewis tried to correct more than three decades ago. As Lewis explained in *A Preface to Paradise Lost*, Satan began to be portrayed, back in the eighteenth century, as the real hero of the epic, an indefatigable rebel. Today, it is hard to imagine how anyone who had read *Paradise Lost* or the 13th chapter of Lewis' *Preface* could regard Satan—who crouches before the sleeping Adam and Eve like a toad, and perches on the Tree of Life like a cormorant—as heroic.

What then of the connection between *Paradise Lost* and *King Kong*? It is there all right, but Kong derives not from Satan, at several removes, but rather from the original Adam. That is why Kong is at once heroic, imperial, and tragic. Just because he is big and black is no reason to confuse him with Satan.

After all, Satan hopped over the wall into Paradise, but Kong, like Adam, was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there from the beginning. Both Adam and Kong exercised dominion over the Garden and delighted in it. Satan was an intruder who came only to corrupt and destroy. Whom did Kong seek to corrupt? When Kong left the Garden, he was doomed to suffer and die. In both cases downfall came through a woman. Unfortunately the film crew arrived at Skull Island before the creation of Eve, which perhaps explains Kong's misguided interest in Fay Wray.

As Kenner notes, the movie's special-effects man was inspired by the engravings of Gustave Doré, but Doré was inspired not by Milton but by that critical tradition which mistakenly interpreted the poet. The movie was true to the original tradition. We love King Kong not because he is Satanic but because he is the eternal Adam.

Fairfield, Conn. FRANCIS P. DESTEFANO

Pish tush, we don't need C. S. Lewis or anyone to remind us that Milton inserted into Paradise Lost *various passages which assert that the Devil is the Devil. What the Romantic tradition correctly discerned is that Milton's feelings, at cross-purposes with his intentions, invested Satan with an heroic grandeur which Doré reproduced and Kong's creator reflected. It would take a non-Aristotelian logician to follow Mr. DeStefano's claim that the film, in following Doré who followed the Romantic Milton, somehow got back on a pre-Romantic track and achieved fidelity not to the poet's achievement but to his harsh rationale.*

Baltimore, Md. HUGH KENNER

Gapology

I see that NATIONAL REVIEW is no more immune from the generation gap than others—how else to account for your assertion, in the editorial "Hussein Flap: Cui Bono?" [March 18], that "Hussein's father, King Abdullah . . . was assassinated"? Abdullah, who was shot down in the presence of the 15-year-old Hussein, was of course the *grandfather* of the present King.

Camden, N.J. PATRICK JENSEN

Centers of Goodness

A negative mentality permeates Gerhart Niemeyer's "See No Evil" [Oct. 29]. It seems to Mr. Niemeyer that we have lost a sense of good and evil; we have become naturalistic relativists, who are alienated from the divine and are "centered on our selfhood." Even the Christian churches have lost sight of the divine, turning from "God is Love" to "Love is God."

Mr. Niemeyer thus implies that the moral crisis exists because we turned away from a center of goodness that was distinctly heavenly in its perception of good and evil. However, as a matter of historical fact, there always was sinfulness within the Church, and quite often this showed itself in the form of shortsightedness, intolerance, fearful isolationism, and dictatorialism. We cannot have lost the kingdom of God, because we have never yet fully had it.

It could be said that the Christian Church is also a pilgrim, on its way toward becoming a true city of God. Its old walls have been too restrictive for the fullness of goodness which God instilled in His creation. Perhaps the present moral crisis is a sign of growth, where the moral authorities—the Church's government and its hierarchy—are complemented by personal reflection and self-assertion. Vatican II affirmed that God's spirit speaks in the hearts of all living humans. Perhaps being "centered on our selfhood" is an opportunity for God's spirit to become more vociferous and less legalistic. Perhaps we should learn to trust the power of God's goodness and assume, with the foolishness of God's children, that people can be trusted. Perhaps we are not helped very much by sermons which tell us how bad we are. A few strong statements which spell out in what areas we are socially irresponsible and need to improve would be more beneficial.

Dayton, Ohio WILLIAM P. FROST

Post Detente: What?

James Burnham argues ["More Weapons for What?" Feb. 4] that a new strategic framework is needed before our foreign policy and defense planning can be conducted intelligently and effectively. Quite right: we must junk detente—but in exchange for what?

Back in 1964 (I know from reading my father's old *NR*s) Mr. Burnham presented a detailed foreign-policy prescription for the U.S. as part of *NR*'s special "Program for a Goldwater Administration." The logical follow-up to Mr. Burnham's column is to offer a new Grand Strategy for the U.S. in the 1970s. With what *should* we replace Mutual Assured Destruction and NATO's forward strategy/flexible response? How *should* we respond to Eurocommunism? What *can* we do about southern Africa? In short, what is Mr. Burnham's answer to Secretary Kissinger's challenge: "Who has an alternative?"

Barrington, R.I. RICHARD DA SILVA

James Burnham's "More Weapons for What?" hits a crucial point about our deterrence strategy. We do need strategic ideas first, and hardware second. You should hold Hard's feet to the fire on this.

In partial defense of the Hards, however, simply having much more of everything would stymie any Soviet temptation toward large-scale nuclear war. After all, NATO countries have four to five times the wealth and income of the Soviet Union. Any good Marxist must acknowledge that military power derives from the economic power of the society. Thus the "objective" situation justifies our having much more power than the Soviets. It is a gratuitous gesture of ours to allow them

These people have something to say

- James L. Buckley
- William A. Rusher
- Russell Kirk
- M. Stanton Evans
- Jeffrey Hart
- Ernest van den Haag
- D. Keith Mano
- Peter P. Witonski
- David Brudnoy
- J. Daniel Mahoney
- Cornelius J. Troost
- John Kiley
- F. Clifton White
- Robert K. Dornan
- Lev Navrozov

that's worth your listening

Take them in any order you wish, every single person on the list above would add luster to your next gathering if he were the featured speaker.

It's your choice from a group of the most distinguished conservatives in America today—knowledgeable, witty, urbane speakers all. And all available *right now* through Catherine Babcock, Inc.

So why not drop us a line. Tell us when your meeting is scheduled and which of these splendid speakers you would like to have address it, and we'll take it from there.

WRITE TODAY TO:

Catherine Babcock

INC.

544 Southside Rd.

Virginia Beach, Va. 23451

(804) 428-3301

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO** ☐ **I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $19.00 rate. Please enter my** ☐ **new** ☐ **renewal subscription:** ☐ **payment enclosed** ☐ **bill me later.**

"parity" of any kind. The idea that we must contain the arms "race" by negotiation is a foolish and unjustified presumption. Why should we tie our technological hands in any way, especially since we accept an obligation to allow the Soviet Union the first blow?

Perhaps detente is only a means whereby the less competent Soviet Union holds a much more capable opponent in place while she builds a pre-emptive capability. Soviet leaders don't want a repeat of the U.S. weapons buildup that followed the Korean War. If so, scrapping detente would seem to be in our interest. We can sell food and trinkets under a policy of not pushing a nuclear rat into a corner. However, we should let the world know why we are carrying an adversary which, if it becomes desperate, will be dangerous to us all.

Andover, Mass. HENRY YOUNG

Vivat Rex!

Whatever one may think of Leonard Williams' attitude toward authority ["Letters," Jan. 7]—and I for one think it childish at best and perverse at worst—his understanding of the legal doctrine that "the king can do no wrong" is completely off the mark.

Rather than being a theory that everything a government does is all right, as he suggests, it posits that the responsibility for governmental wrongdoing lies with the king's ministers, the "government," rather than with the king or head of state personally. In the event of such wrongdoing, it is therefore not necessary to overthrow the state but merely to replace the offending responsible government officials. As such, this theory is a cornerstone of our modern system of stable and representative government.

Still, it is hard not to feel sorry for someone who can view such things as Western civilization and faith as colossal frauds.

A. MALCOLM POST JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

Kissinger and Solzhenitsyn

It is always with misgivings as well as trepidation that I criticize a Buckley column, *but* every time he pronounces upon the subject of Henry Kissinger it puts me in a state of high fustian. I refer you to his "On the Right" column, "The Continuing Presence of Solzhenitsyn" [Oct. 15]. What he says about Solzhenitsyn (and those who run around talking loosely about fascism at Solzhenitsyn's expense) is right and good and eloquent and, well, downright noble. The swamp of conjecture preceding that, however, is filled with *ignes fatui.*

My mentor tells me that the man under heaven whom I admire more than any other probably owes his continued existence on this earth to Henry Kissinger. Well, this just isn't so, not even remotely conceivably so. Why? Because were it true, Solzhenitsyn would have given due credit, as he has always in humility been quick to do. Solzhenitsyn does credit his "release" to "pressures from the West." Now Mr. Kissinger may have scanned the world from his considerable height and pronounced to mankind, "*Le Ouest, c'est moi,*" and perhaps Mr. Buckley believed him, but the rest of us only smile, wanly. Oh I have no doubt that Mr. Buckley is correct in his information that Kissinger "made known to a relevant figure the concern of the United States Government for the physical safety of Solzhenitsyn," which is an eye-opener of sorts and for which Mr. Kissinger is to be commended; but the gesture hardly amounts to what Solzhenitsyn meant when he referred to pressures from the West.

Further, Buckley tells us how Kissinger read several of Solzhenitsyn's books and was so impressed that he gave them to President Ford. Well, I have read every word of Solzhenitsyn's that has been made available in English, and while I cannot deduce from Kissinger's notorious rebuff to Solzhenitsyn any lack of reverence for him, I can certainly deduce from Mr. Kissinger's relentless pursuit of detente a lack of understanding of what Solzhenitsyn is about in those works. Kissinger was not so impressed as to permit Solzhenitsyn's warnings to sway him from his deleterious policies.

Salt Lake City, Utah NEIL G. BARCLAY

A NEW KIND OF BOOK. NEVER BEFORE DARED...ANYWHERE!

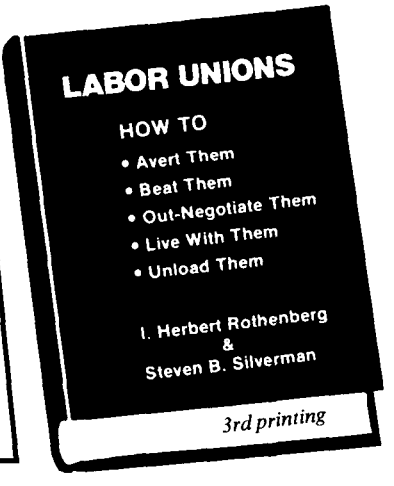
An **EMPLOYER'S** book

Unafraid!

Shows how management can "use" the law, just as unions do!

Tells the **TRUTH** about government, "big business" and labor!

A step-by-step explanation of how, for a change, the **EMPLOYER** can win!



IF...you now have no union—and want to stay union-free; or...

IF...they are trying to "organize" you; or if they now have you before the National Labor Relations Board; or...

IF...your past relations or your present union contract has you sick; or...

IF...despite everything, you cannot escape them and yearn only to live with them on equal terms; or...

IF...the legal situation is right and you have the "guts" and determination to get rid of them...

THEN...**this book is an absolute MUST!**

Suppose: - your **non-union operations** should suddenly be **unionized**...
" - you have and should **lose** a long strike...
" - your **labor costs** should abruptly be forced up **10%-15%**...
" - your union contract has overlooked **critical protective clauses**...
" - you **miss** your chance to **win** the **N.L.R.B. election**...
" - you "blow" a real chance to **get out of the union**...

HOW WOULD YOUR PERMANENT OPERATIONS BE AFFECTED...HOW MANY TENS OR HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS WOULD YOUR LONG TERM COSTS BE?

BOOK PRICE $34.75

MANAGEMENT RELATIONS, Inc., Executive Plaza, Suite 100P, Elkins Park, Pa. 19117

Please send _____ copies of **"LABOR UNIONS, etc."**

A check for $ _____ (at $34.75 per copy) is enclosed

[Pa. residents add 6% sales tax]

CO NAME _____

ATTENTION OF _____

ADDRESS _____

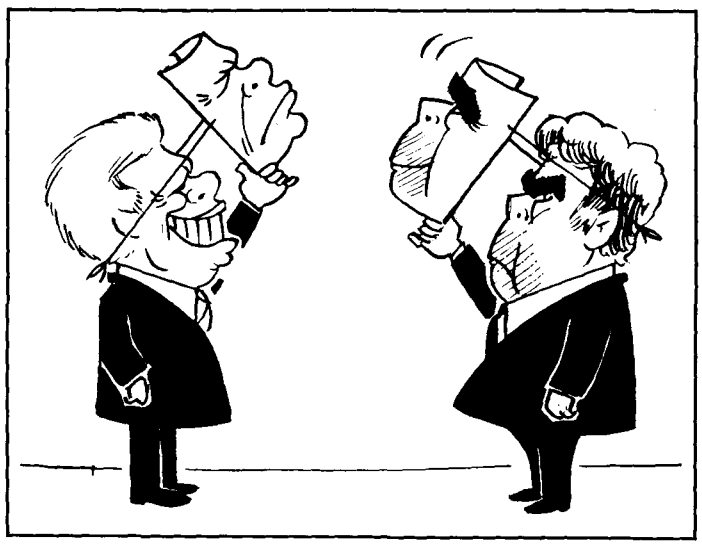
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ The 17 freshman senators elected last November and how they broke on the **Warnke** confirmation vote: Of the Republicans, only **John Chafee** of Rhode Island voted for Warnke; of the Democrats, only **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** of New York and **Edward Zorinsky** of Nebraska voted against Warnke. The rest followed party lines. Republicans **Danforth** (Mo.), **Hatch** (Utah), **Hayakawa** (Calif.), **Heinz** (Pa.), **Lugar** (Ind.), **Schmitt** (N.M.), and **Wallop** (Wyo.) opposed confirmation; Democrats **DeConcini** (Ariz.), **Matsunaga** (Hawaii), **Melcher** (Mont.), **Metzenbaum** (Ohio), **Riegle** (Mich.), **Sarbanes** (Md.), and **Sasser** (Tenn.) were in favor. . . . One other Warnke footnote: although most old-line Southern Democrats voted for the **Carter** nominee, the two senators from Georgia, **Sam Nunn** and **Herman Talmadge**, did not. (There are persistent rumors, incidentally, that Carter will try to purge Nunn the next time around.)

■ More and more reports of growing tension between **Carter** White House and the Hill. . . . Columnist **David Broder** reports that Carter's unilateral cancellation of 19 Western dam and reclamation projects brought him afoul not only of **Russell Long**, who heads the powerful Senate Finance Committee which will have to pass on a wide range of Carter economic programs, but also of **Morris Udall** (a campaign foe), who heads the House Interior Committee. . . . News stories out of the capital these days (see **Evans & Novak**, March 16) too often carry a variation of the phrase: "This reaction was a total surprise to the Administration." . . . *Washington Post*, commenting editorially on the **Brady Tyson** flap, describes Tyson as "**Andy Young**'s Andy Young."



Padry, *Le Herisson* Rothco

■ Voices from the past, near and distant: *Village Voice* pushing report that **Henry Kissinger** could run for the Senate in New York, to succeed **Jacob Javits**, says the idea meets with the "enthusiastic approval of such people as **Nelson Rockefeller** and **William Paley**," . . . Controversial Kissinger aide **Helmut Sonnenfeldt**, of the Sonnenfeldt Doctrine on Eastern Europe, has been appointed a visiting scholar at the Johns Hopkins School of International Studies. . . . **Archibald Cox**, victim of the **Nixon** Saturday Night Massacre, has been engaged by the University of California to argue the **Allan Bakke** case (in favor of affirmative action) before the Supreme Court. Bakke is the white student who claimed he was better qualified than minority candidates to enter the UC-Davis Medical School, but was kept out under an affirmative action program. . . . In Paris, the press reports that Carter may name former **JFK** Press Secretary **Pierre Salinger** to succeed **Kenneth Rush** as ambassador. . . . And **Bobby Baker**, of **Johnson** Administration fame, will tell it all, for W. W. Norton, in an autobiography he is writing with **Larry L. King**.

■ Unsuccessful but pointed: The House last week voted down an amendment introduced by Rep. **Robert Bauman** (R., Md.) to the Rhodesian chrome bill that would have cut off chrome imports from any nation unless President Carter certified that nation complied with the UN Convention on Human Rights. The Bauman amendment was, of course, aimed at the Soviet Union, the next biggest exporter of chrome. . . . **George Ouska** of St. Paul, Minnesota, has a bright anti-inflationary idea. He suggests all taxpayers who get the $50 rebate ship it to the U.S. Treasury, earmarked for application against the national debt. . . . Press reports a fortnight ago (and picked up by the *NR Bulletin*) indicated that **Michael Harrington**, the Socialist, had been booed for saying at a **Vladimir Bukovsky** rally in New York that "the struggle for socialism in the Soviet Union is the struggle for democracy." What Harrington actually said was that as a "democratic socialist" he believes the regime in the Soviet Union "is not socialist but armed against the working people."

■ It's spring again and along roads near **Llandrindod Wells**, **Wales**, the annual signs have gone up: "Slow! Toads!" As the swallows return to Capistrano, toads return each March to Llandrindod Wells. Motorists are encouraged to drive slowly and pedestrians and bicyclists to "help the little hoppers cross the roads in buckets, bags, and boxes."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ That did it. The FDA's saccharin ban crystallized a well-nigh universal anti-regulatory sentiment that had hitherto been confined to highbrow journals (ahem!) and scattered, plaintive mumbles. Even the *New York Times* joined the roaring masses: "Consumers want safety, but total, absolute safety—assuming that were possible—would have as its price a bureaucracy of staggering cost, reaching into every corner of American life." Hardly a soul could be found to defend the FDA, but NBC finally came up with one. From the FDA itself? Guess again. She was a young schoolmarm type, introduced on the *Today* show as an associate of, yes, "consumer advocate" Ralph Nader. If there's anything the American consumer would dearly love to consume right now, it's probably Ralph.

■ No President has done more than Mr. Carter to convince each of 200 million Americans that they are entitled to personal access to him. Unfortunately, the odds against a given unarmed citizen's getting a call through to him were about a quarter-million to one. So Mr. Cory Moore of Ohio, saying, "The forgotten man, *c'est moi*," or words to that effect, took a hostage, whom he threatened to shoot unless the President phoned him. Carter handled it skillfully: the hostage was released, unharmed, and Moore was jailed before Carter spoke with him. Nobody can really prevent the sort of thing Moore, the Hanafis, and multitudes of other terrorists have been doing lately, but one of the things Mr. Carter might do is to be a little more aloof. It is part of his job, after all, to preserve a tone of respect for republican institutions and their necessarily deliberate functions and precedures. What is ironic is that the more he tries to de-imperialize his (his!) office, the more vainglorious seems his humility. Besides, the American nut shouldn't be encouraged to think the President is only a phone call away.

■ Why doesn't somebody market saccharin and label it rat poison? That way, devil-may-care types can still put it in their coffee, and ornery types can put it in their rat traps and watch the little bastards die real slow.

■ Constituents can be *so* unreasonable. Representative Tom Steed (D., Okla.) has had his fill of the cheapskates back home who are objecting to his recent congressional pay raise, and is fighting back. After all, he calculates, it only cost the taxpayers a nickel apiece to pay for his $12,900 raise. So the onerable gentleman has loaded his pocket with nickels and gives one to any critic he encounters—on condition that the taxpayer stop carping. A promising beginning. Representative Steed can now go on to explain that he and his colleagues extract about *$1 billion* a year from the district, or some $4,000 per taxpayer, and should stuff several pockets with $4,000 checks in anticipation of a lively demand for refunds. Just send us our check, Steed, and we'll shut up.

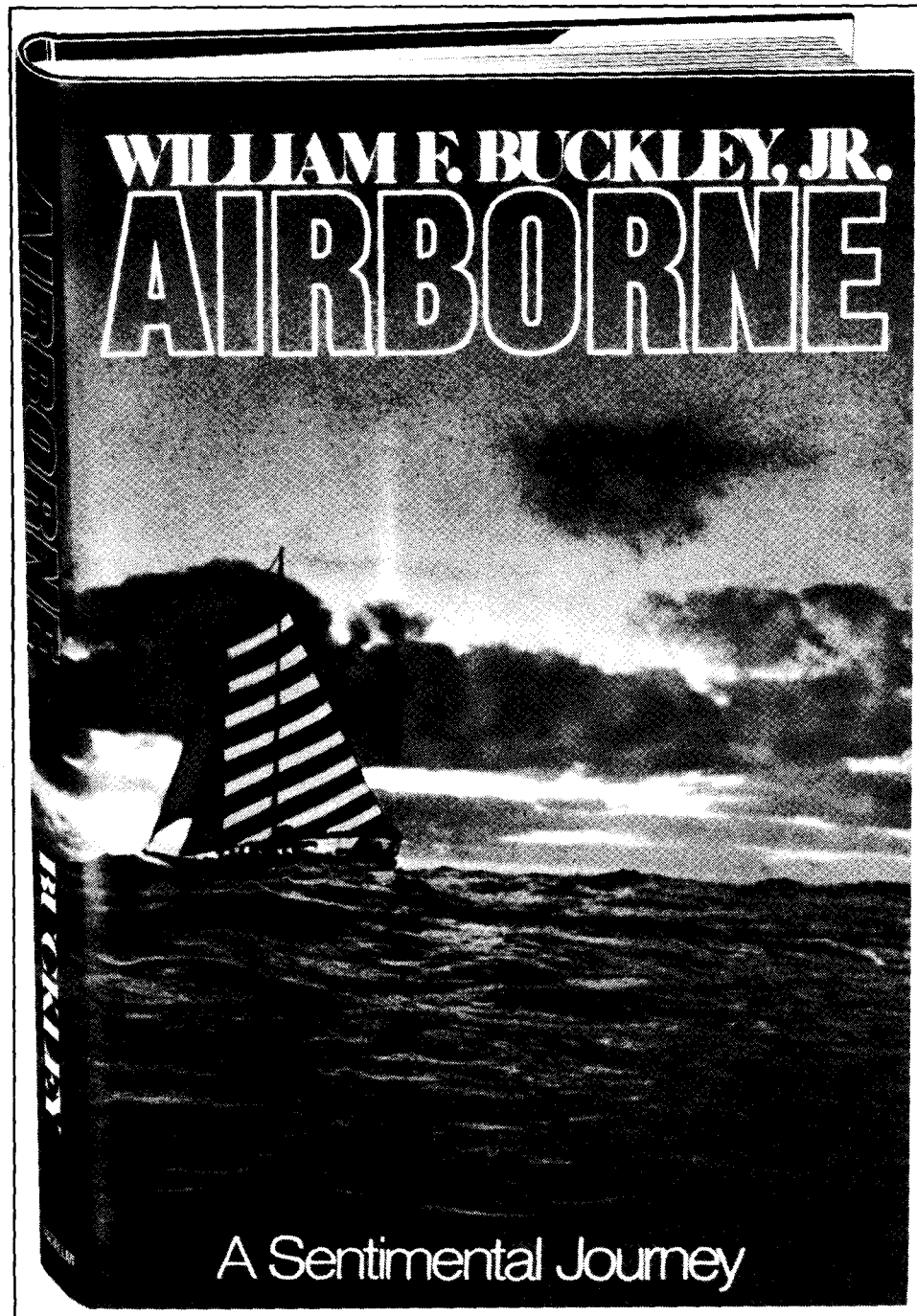
■ The tangle of what exactly President Carter meant in regard to the future frontiers of Israel is not worth the sweat of its undoing. What he did was suggest that Israel get more than it had before the 1967 war; that there might be joint Arab-Israeli peace-keeping patrols; that land might be leased by Israel from the Arabs; and that peace might be best built over the years instead of at a single conference. This was clearly an exercise in floating ideas, not in bargaining, although both Israel and Egypt reacted very stiffly, reminding the United States that peace was first of all their business and not anyone else's. But the question of peace in the Mideast has for so long been hedged about with deep-frozen concepts and sterile phrases that it might well benefit from such a breath of spring as this flow of thought. The initial reaction from both sides—a hardening of positions—could be for public consumption. Both Sadat and Rabin are sorely beset on the domestic political scene.

■ The Carter Administration wants to decriminalize marijuana at the federal level, and that is a good idea, as long as the President can consummate the process without seeming to endorse the stuff. It would probably be a good idea for the states to follow suit: California has already reduced its penalties. The point is not that marijuana usage is innocent: rather that it is not a public nuisance, and the appropriate sanctions are personal and social rather than legal. Now if only Mr. Carter would move to decriminalize saccharin.

■ Hours from now a delegation led by Cyrus Vance and Paul Warnke will board a plane and fly to Moscow for the opening round of the talks that the Administration hopes will end in a SALT II agreement. We have a suggestion for the in-flight movie: *The Price of Peace and Freedom*, a movie produced by the American Security Council and the AFL-CIO, starring Backfire bombers, the Soviet's newest ICBMs, and other members of Mr. Brezhnev's arsenal. We don't want to give away the plot, but here are a few of the highlights: "The total explosive power in Russia's missiles is now about six times greater than the explosive power in our missiles."—Eugene Wigner of Princeton University, a Nobel Prize-winning physicist. "We have no defense against ballistic missiles."—General Daniel James, commander in chief of the North American air defense command. "Today we face a Soviet threat far greater than any other threat this nation has ever faced in its two hundred years."—J. William Middendorf II, former Secretary of the Navy.

■ After more than a decade of disputes that often ended in violence, a peace treaty has been signed between the Teamsters' union and César Chavez' United Farm Work-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"An unashamed celebration ... full of the renowned Buckley wit."
—R.Z. SHEPPARD, *Time*

"An unparalleled delight"
—JOHN RILEY, *Los Angeles Times*

"It is about sailing. And aesthetics, politics, life, fathers and sons. It is Buckley's journal, and his son's too, of a 30-day sail last year across the Atlantic (on his 60-foot schooner, the "Cyrano"). . . **Airborne is superior entertainment—charming, witty, erudite, mischievous.**"
—ELIOT FREMONT SMITH, *The Village Voice*

"**Airborne takes me to sea, makes me part of the whole adventure.** Never before did my imagination permit me willingly to leave the dock."
—JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

"I read it—at one in the morning—to the end. It is precisely the kind of sports writing that very rarely gets done; [the kind] that **excites the layman not as an outsider but as a human being.**"
—ALISTAIR COOKE

"**Required equipment for any ocean going sailor** ... vicarious pleasure for those of us who can only sit and dream."
—CHRISTOPHER LEHMAN-HAUPT, *The New York Times*

Illustrated with charts and photographs. $12.95

NEW BESTSELLER

MACMILLAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The neo-Agnevian debate on the responsibilities of the media continues to rage here, most recently fueled by the blanket coverage of the Hanafi Muslim assault. No one questions the need to cover such terrorist actions. But there are a number of serious questions about how they should be covered and what role the media should play. As Jesse Jackson points out, the press "is not just reporting the news; it is now making news." According to hostages, the terrorists hung on every word broadcast about them, and many feared that the media men would say something that would trigger further violent acts. The police, who were primarily concerned with the safety of the hostages, found that whenever they came up with a plan of attack they'd hear about it on the air before they could put it into effect. (Finally, in order to move men into one of the besieged buildings without tipping off the terrorists, the police called a press conference to distract newsmen.) One television station prematurely broke the news of the final agreement, thereby throwing it into jeopardy, and the treatment of the hostages after their release was uniformly shameful. Cameras and microphones were pushed in their faces as they emerged bewildered and in many cases injured, and one husband punched a newsman who badgered his hostage wife for a statement.

The media, in effect, functioned as the terrorists' communications system, without which their caper would have had little effect, and as the story dragged on, newsmen seemed to grow increasingly sympathetic. One local anchorman refused to use the word "terrorist," and had to be jerked back to reality, as he sympathized with the Hanafi demands, by a reporter who was covering the families of the hostages. Discussions of the threats of mass beheadings, the pistol-whippings and the machete attacks, the death of a radio reporter and the wounding of a city councilman, and the virulent antisemitic tirades, were either downplayed or dropped altogether as the story developed. Instead, the grievances of the Hanafis became the story, as did the coverage itself. Max Robinson, for instance, the CBS affiliate's anchorman here, who appeared to be on a first-name basis with the Hanafi leader, was offered two book contracts during his coverage of the story, as well as the services of an agent. Robinson himself, in other words, became part of the story he was reporting.

In general, the media's saturation coverage seemed to leave most viewers and listeners with a bad taste. The NBC total-news station here, for instance, conducted a post-attack poll which showed that 70 per cent of Washingtonians who followed the story believe that such coverage encourages further terrorism. And Andrew Young, Carter's UN Ambassador, suggested that it was time for the Supreme Court to "clarify" First Amendment rights. Pointing out that when the Bill of Rights was drafted such an action "wouldn't have been heard of on the other side of town," Young said that such coverage "amounts to advertising to neurotic people."

■ The saccharin decision demonstrates just what is wrong with the FDA. Because of its almost total dependence on animal testing, it makes its arbitrary decisions on the basis of inadequate evidence. And things are unlikely to improve, for its mandate is steadily broadening. The first big breakthrough came when it was allowed to ban certain products on the basis of efficacy rather than just safety. Thus, the laetrile ban. And now many legislators are pushing for an even broader mandate. Senator Kennedy's legislation, for instance, which would restructure the FDA into two departments, calls for authority to ban products on the grounds of suspicion alone, thereby empowering the FDA to remove any product it chooses from the market with no testing whatsoever. Whether this will come to pass depends largely on whether the White House decides to back the Kennedy bill. But in the meantime, we Fresca freaks will either have to drink sour or find a substitute for our substitute. One answer, believe it or not, may be cyclamates. So far the FDA refuses to acknowledge their existence, but recent authoritative studies demonstrate that there is no demonstrable danger in cyclamates.

■ He may not like what we say, but at least he knows we're saying it. Excerpts from *NR* used to appear regularly in Richard Nixon's news summary. But Gerald Ford was not a reader, and one of the first acts of his Administration was to cut a number of publications from his daily news summary, among them *NR*. As a result, the summary became thin and anemic, and toward the end Ford seldom looked at it. Under Carter, however, the summary has expanded to its original Nixonian size, with *NR* once again being excerpted.

—CATO

---

ers. The agreement sets up jurisdiction for each union: under it, the Teamsters are permitted to organize workers in preponderantly non-agricultural enterprises, while the UFW has unchallenged jurisdiction over preponderantly agricultural ones. The implications of the agreement include an expanded organizational effort on Chavez' part against the growers outside California, who in turn will draw up fatter contracts to lure workers away from the union. It also allows for the possible creation of a single union for workers in any farm job. In general, the pact is considered a coup for Chavez, who gains money, militant support, and therefore greater authority in the union hierarchy. It's funny how people are supposed to breathe easier when labor unions settle down to comfortable monopoly power bases.

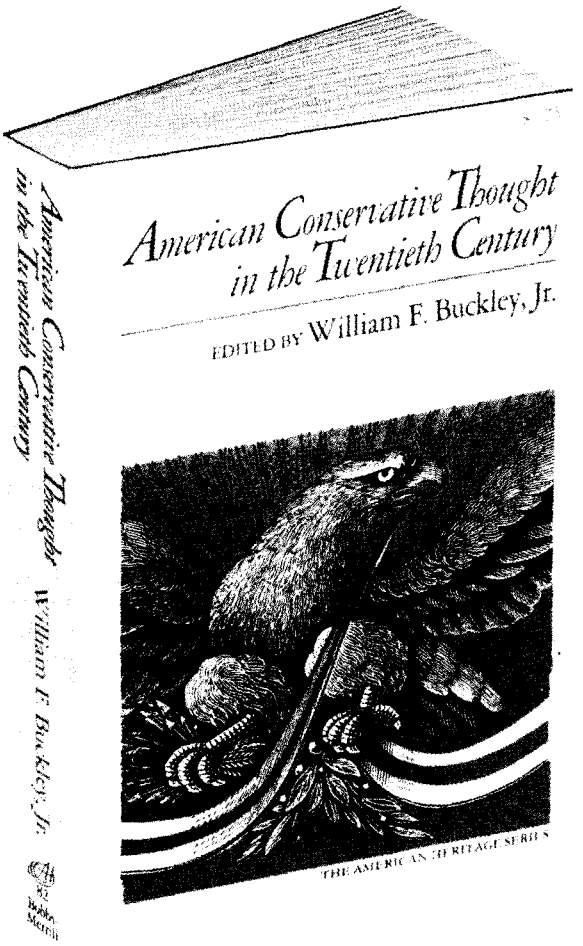
■ All signs point to a front-page photo of Jimmy Carter and Fidel Castro smiling together for the cameras over a new detente table. The March 18 lifting of American travel restrictions to Cuba, among other places, was the first step toward "normalizing" relations with our Communist neighbors ninety miles south. Other plans include new anti-hijacking and fishing agreements, plus the lifting of the 16-year-old economic embargo. (Plans for a baseball game between the two nations were apparently dropped when Fidel refused an all-star U.S. cast: he wanted the Yankees alone to play his all-star Cuban team—better odds.) In exchange, Carter expects Cuba to cease meddling in the domestic affairs of other nations and to release its political prisoners, estimated at 15,000. But Castro, in a marathon conversation with Ben Bradlee of the *Washington Post*, said he has no intention of either signing any treaties or doing anything in return besides showing "good will" and "making friends of an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can have at your fingertips...

the best conservative writing of this century...

personally selected and edited by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.


American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century
EDITED BY William F. Buckley, Jr.
THE AMERICAN HERITAGE SERIES
American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century
William F. Buckley, Jr.

HERE IN THIS ONE BOOK

Get your own personal copy of this marvelous book FREE with your National Review order (YOU SAVE $4.75)!

Here is the book about conservatism that you've always wanted to own. "American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century" puts the most perceptive and brilliant conservative thinking together in one handy volume for your quick reference. Selections include excerpts from the works of such luminaries as Frank S. Meyer, James Burnham and Whittaker Chambers. You'll also be able to draw upon the ideas of Max Eastman, Henry Hazlitt, Willmoore Kendall, Milton Friedman, plus many others. All the material in the book has been carefully selected and edited by Bill Buckley (who also wrote the fine introduction). Generally, any book on conservatism is usually confined to one particular aspect, but this book brings you a variety of subject matter and viewpoint; economics, politics, communism, philosophy, to name just a few; there is truly an incredible amount of information. "American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century" is meticulously indexed and arranged by subject. It is a landmark edition, the type of book that belongs in the collection of every NR reader (or anyone who stands to benefit from exposure to good conservative writing).

How to get a FREE copy of this book.

1. Renew your own *National Review* subscription now (new subscriptions are fine too!) at no more than the regular rate of $19 for a full year. You get the book FREE and postpaid. If you want, we'll be happy to send the book along to a friend.

2. Give NR to a friend, relative or student (we couldn't think of a *better* idea for students) at the same $19 rate. We'll send the book to the recipient or you may get it for yourself.

The card opposite this page contains full instructions on how to order. Time is of the essence: the book in short supply, so take advantage of this opportunity to get a FREE book.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enemy." Right now, he can't lose. The expected economic boost stemming from U.S. tourism and, probably, credits, will please the Soviets, who are currently spending millions every day to prop up the Castro regime. Castro shows no sign of abandoning his colonial enterprises in Africa. To him who waits, it shall be given.

■ Now that millions of people in South Vietnam are enjoying the pleasures of totalitarianism, Senator George McGovern is free to shift his attention to other spots on the globe . . . as a matter of fact, to Cuba, in which island paradise the Senator spent an idyllic four days as a guest of the Maximum Leader. McGovern is just gaga over Castro. He "is soft-spoken, shy, sensitive, sometimes witty, sometimes slightly ill at ease. I frankly like him; so did the rest of my party." The following McGovern sentences represent a genuine collector's item. Castro "spent an hour or more in quiet conversation with us, demonstrating a thorough knowledge of my record as a bomber pilot in World War II, of our family, and of the 1972 campaign. Indeed, he commands an amazing range of information about American politics." Gosh! Gee whiz! (Easy does it, George, Castro was surely briefed on all these points just before he snowed you.) McGovern proves the truth of the Hindu theory of the transmigration of souls. Eleanor Roosevelt did not really leave this mortal coil. She is still among us, in the U.S. Senate.

■ NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT, R I P. The NLF, of Vietnam war fame, was laid to rest in a quiet ceremony in Ho Chi Minh City last week, as have been in past months: the Vietcong (melded into the regular army), the Provisional Revolutionary Government (subsumed into the Hanoi government), the Lao Dong [Workers] Party, co-opted by the Communist Party of Vietnam. In retrospect, writes Martin Woollacott of the *Manchester Guardian*, "it is clear that the NLF was never a true coalition of Communist and non-Communist forces, nor was it ever an independent Southern entity. The NLF has gone the way [i.e., into oblivion] of all the other organizations that once loomed large on the Vietnamese and the world horizon." As they used to chant, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, NLF is gonna win." Ho ho.

Our Protective FDA

Rats die of bladder cancer
  When stuffed with saccharin,
So Tab and Diet Cola
  Will take it on the chin.
To ape the rodents' dosage,
  Your average tubby wife
Must drink eight hundred bottles
  Each day throughout her life.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ International bankers and NATO officials are worried and puzzled by a big surge of Soviet-bloc borrowing (described last June by Henry Kissinger as "sudden" and "striking"). Because of secrecy laws in the countries on both ends of the enormous loans, no one is sure just how large the total sum involved may be. What is worrisome is that huge debtors acquire not just huge debts, but huge power to do harm by defaulting or merely threatening to default. Thus far, the record of repayments by the Soviet Union and other East European countries has been exemplary. But possible scenarios now being rehearsed by Western financial and military analysts range from the blackmail of individual bankers for espionage purposes to the deliberate ruin of large banks and the selective disruption of national economies and international markets. Caveat creditor.

■ The censoring of news is a classic admission of defeat, and therefore nothing could be more damaging to the reputation of the South African government than the press control bill it is preparing to enact. The bill would create a press code setting standards for "permissible" news and a government press council to see that the code was upheld on pain of fines or suppression. Heretofore the press in South Africa has been the freest in the continent. The fact that Afrikaner papers, which traditionally support the government, have joined the English-language media in denouncing the bill should be warning enough to the government to desist, which it still has time to do.

■ The Soviet postal service has announced that it is prohibiting the importation of pasta foods, matzoh, prune danish, and other bread items through the mails, and that it will seize any bread products mailed to the Soviet Union. And probably devour them on the spot.

■ Bert Lance of the Office of Management and Budget delivered the best speech in years and nobody even applauded. "We believe in the free-enterprise system, in letting it do its thing without too much regulation," he told the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce. "You will find that the Carter Administration is with you. Government is too much with us, the time spent in filling out endless forms and reports detracts from productivity." End of speech. Love it, Bert.

■ After his election to the Rhode Island legislature, it transpired that William Bailey was a wanted man back in Michigan: in fact, he had criminal records in three states. He still hasn't been sworn in, and is fighting both exclusion from the Rhode Island House and inclusion within the Michigan Big House. Maybe he could serve concurrent terms?

■ The Food and Drug Administration has announced as expected that it is banning the use of sodium chloride, a chemical agent frequently added to processed foods

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and marketed separately under the name of table salt. The ban was imposed on the basis of foreign research demonstrating that laboratory rats, when fed the human equivalent of 3,200 cans of salted peanuts or 112 pounds of water-softener a day, became irritable, thirsty, and suicidal. Although the decision is expected to be unpopular in some quarters, we applaud the FDA's courageous insistence that the government's herd of prize taxpayers swallow exactly what they are told. Every year the government loses billions of dollars of desperately needed revenue due to the untimely deaths of taxpayers, many of whom salted their popcorn or French fries without even tasting first. The FDA action will avert this senseless and tragic loss.

■ Cheer up. It's still legal to put ratsbane in your coffee.

Carter at Sea

Although President Carter and his Administration continue to receive a generally favorable press—indeed, Mr. James Reston has become a virtually Polonius-like White House courtier—the Administration nevertheless gives the impression of amateurishness and surprising ineptitude.

The forty votes cast in the Senate against Paul Warnke can only be interpreted as a stinging rebuke nearly comparable to the outright rejection of Ted Sorensen. Indeed, White House relations with the Democratic leadership in both House and Senate have already become badly frayed, the Speaker and the Majority Leader going public with their complaints.

In foreign policy, Carter statements all too frequently produce a flurry of irritated reaction abroad plus a series of "clarifications" and explanations by Administration spokesmen in Washington. Thus, while greeting Israeli Prime Minister Rabin recently, Carter came out for "defensible borders" for Israel. In using that phrase he apparently was ignorant of its status as a code word signifying a tough stand against the return of any Arab territory seized by Israel in 1967. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat thereupon called a press conference and heatedly declared that every inch of Arab land would have to be returned. Carter then explained that what he meant was that Israel a) give up most of the 1967 land, but b) arrange to station defensive outposts on it.

Meanwhile, Administration statements regarding human rights caused Brazil, the most powerful nation in Latin America, to cancel its 25-year mutual defense treaty with the U.S., and the rights campaign also appears to have caused Turkey suddenly to dispatch its Foreign Minister to Moscow, a move widely regarded as a hedge against possible Carter disapproval of the handling of "rights" on Cyprus. Other Carter statements—on Korean withdrawal, on getting rid of all nuclear weapons—sent tremors through Japanese politics.

Of course, up at the UN, Ambassador Andrew Young has been vigorously attempting to fill the role of court jester, a role vacated some time back by the late Martha Mitchell. He casually suggested that U.S. troops might have a peace-keeping role in Rhodesia, told the *Washington Post* that the U.S. would face "civil war" (i.e., whites against blacks) if we supported the white government of South Africa, and said he thought the press should censor itself and not report fully on terrorist attacks such as the Muslim one in Washington—all this coming on the heels of his famous remark about the Cuban troops bringing "stability" to Angola, and his comparison of Idi Amin and Ian Smith. Top all this off with the apology offered by Young's protégé Brady Tyson for the U.S. role in Allende's downfall, and the impression emerges of a handful of bumblers.

As columnist William Safire commented, "our State Department's emergency 'gaffe squad' should remain on the alert. That's the crack team on duty at all hours to disavow statements made by Ambassador Andrew Young, to apologize for hair-shirt apologies made by third-worldly presidential appointees, and to explain that what the President said was not what he meant, and at any rate the blunder was just 'semantics.' " What do you call putting Andy Young in the job? A semantic mistake? We need Andrew Older.

Woodstein Envy

On February 11, Jack Anderson appeared on ABC's *Good Morning America*. Anderson claimed that a "confidential" FPC report showed that every major natural-gas producer is holding back production, that companies are sitting on 7.3 trillion cubic feet of natural gas in the Gulf of Mexico, and that the gas shortage is "only at the customer's end." Anderson called this "a scandal of Watergate proportions."

On February 12, a story about the FPC report appeared in the *Washington Post*. The report said that no more than three days' supply is in question—a total of "as much as" 300 billion cubic feet, not 7.3 trillion. The FPC report wasn't sure that faster production would be either feasible or desirable.

An equally scandalous attempt to find a scandal appeared in Pete Hamill's column, the home of the Whopper. Hamill claims that natural gas is "a byproduct of oil," though this is true of only 19 per cent of all gas production. He cited a U.S. Geological Survey estimate that 2,100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas might ultimately be recoverable (at some very high price), but neglected to mention that this was a 1972 estimate which has since been reduced to between 322 and 655 trillion cubic feet. From such staggering ignorance, Hamill fearlessly concluded that we have to replace the carrot with the stick. If the President can't jawbone more gas out of the ground, said Hamill, "he can nationalize the entire oil and gas industry" and use the "Army Engineers" to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pump the stuff as fast as possible. Mr. Hamill would presumably also favor cutting the Army's budget and conserving natural resources.

Korea: Pulling the Plug

Say what you like, South Korea is one place in the world where the presence of American troops has proved itself. For almost 25 years, a relative handful of soldiers has prevented a small Asian state from being overrun by its more powerful Communist neighbors. As a result, South Korea is a steadfast and prosperous friend, and if its unpleasant government is authoritarian, or if it sends forth lobbyists to bribe and intrigue, that is hardly unique in the world today.

But the new Administration, in its survey of responsibilities around the globe, is pausing to wonder whether there should not be a reduction of those 40,000 soldiers in Korea and a withdrawal of the tactical missiles that support them. The grounds? Not economy but "human rights," it being mused that American troops are the mainstay of Korean President Park Chung Hee, whose recent activities have caused such dismay to liberals in the United States.

And so the Carter people are putting out those time-worn but still ominous velleities and musings that smack of the way other people used to talk in 1938, when the subject of Hitler and Czechoslovakia arose. The situation in Korea and Asia is not at all what it was, they begin. The South Koreans can defend themselves against the North, except in the air, which the Americans in Japan could take care of. Neither the Chinese nor the Russians, they continue, have any interest in promoting an attack on the South. Above all, and this is perhaps the most ominous, the Chinese are preoccupied by internal political conflicts. The other thing that Hitler's neighbors were assured of just before he pounced was that he was preoccupied by internal conflicts. When this kind of thinking is in the air, small nations tend to disappear.

Sadat in Trouble

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's Westward turn was perhaps the least ambiguous achievement of Henry Kissinger's diplomacy. Sadat, granted Egyptian realities, went remarkably far. He accepted a stabilization of relations with Israel, monitored in the military dimension by UN and U.S. watchmen. He sent thousands of Soviet advisors and agents home. He stopped giving sanctuary and comfort to Arab terrorists. He actively sought warm relations with the United States and the West European nations. And in domestic policy he has even tried to loosen the shabby economic and political straitjackets that were Nasser's legacy: by some revival of private industry, by actively seeking foreign investment and presence, and, in this past year, by removing some of the restrictions on political speech and activity.

Unfortunately, Egypt may be too far gone for rational therapy. Its economy is in de facto bankruptcy, with the population swollen to 38 mostly impoverished millions, a yearly deficit equal to more than 20 per cent of its $10-billion national budget, a foreign debt grown to one and a half times the annual GNP, and a $1.5-billion annual subsidy to keep official food prices at an absurdly unrealistic level that produces as a major by-product shortages, black markets, and corruption.

Prodded by the International Monetary Fund in negotiations for a new loan, and probably also by the rich Arab oil states that have been keeping Egypt afloat, Sadat decreed in January an increase in food prices that would have reduced the subsidy and thereby the huge deficit. The response was a series of mass riots that quickly got out of control. Sadat felt compelled to cancel the price increase: that is to say, to continue the rapid destruction of the economy. The government states that underground Communist and other extremist groups went into action as the mass riots developed, and helped build up turmoil. But whatever the role of organized opponents, and though U.S. aid to Sadat is expected to be forthcoming, this mass action in the streets has further deepened Egypt's economic collapse, weakened Sadat's political authority, and, in the longer run, endangered further development of Egypt's promising but still fragile relations with the West.

TKO of Giscard

The big winners in the French municipal elections were the Communists and Socialists, who ran together in an unusual demonstration of political unity. The big loser was President Giscard d'Estaing, whose prestige is badly damaged although he himself cannot be defeated at the polls until 1981. His hand-picked candidate for the mayoralty of Paris fell by the wayside, and his majority of conservative parties is close to disintegration.

It was not surprising that the Left emerged the victor in the two-round contest. Giscard got in only by a hairsbreadth in 1974, and off-year elections generally go to the opposition in France, as they do in the United States. Moreover, there is plenty of economic trouble to make opposition complaints sound well-founded. Inflation and unemployment are weighing down the archaic structure of French public administration, and France, though less beleaguered than Britain or Italy, is on the defensive in the European Economic Community.

Giscard's own weakness comes from his position as leader of only a minority among the Right-Center coalition that has governed France since de Gaulle. The Gaullists proper, who form the bulk of the coalition, have decided to follow a leader of their own, former Premier Jacques Chirac, who personally defeated Giscard's man for the Paris mayoralty. Chirac professes that he will continue to observe Giscard's leadership,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but if anyone is going to stave off a further left-wing encroachment in next year's legislative election, it will be he. Should the Left win that one, Giscard will find himself in the awkward position of trying to govern France in the teeth of an opposition majority of Communists and Socialists. This very real prospect would make mincemeat of the Fifth Republic, which was tailor-made to fit de Gaulle's supreme authority.

Rhodesian Chrome

When the U.S. last imposed an embargo on imports of Rhodesian chrome, from 1967 to 1971, it leaked rather badly. Some nations, including the Soviet Union, apparently bought Rhodesian chrome and re-sold it to us. The price of Soviet chrome doubled. Other nations used Rhodesian chrome to produce stainless steel more cheaply than we could, so our stainless steel imports soared. The U.S. ferrochrome industry languished, due to the insecurity of chrome supplies, allowing Rhodesia to build a powerful competing industry to process raw chromium ore. Rhodesian metal production rose 80 per cent during the embargo. Rhodesia and Russia benefited from the U.S. embargo; the U.S. suffered.

The Carter Administration has persuaded Congress to repeat this experiment: the House and Senate have voted to repeal the Byrd Amendment signed by President Nixon in 1971 ending the U.S. embargo on Rhodesian chrome.

Will the effects be different this time? Some Rhodesian blacks may lose their jobs, but the embargo will surely continue to be violated by many nations, so that Rhodesian chrome will reach the U.S. through costly and circuitous routes. After all, Rhodesia produces more than two-thirds of all chrome, and that valuable production isn't just going to disappear.

If we refuse to buy chrome from Rhodesia, we must buy more from the only other major producers—South Africa, Turkey, and the Soviet Union. Does that mean that we approve of the civil liberties in those countries? The loose talk about "majority rule" in Rhodesia can't possibly mean that anyone seriously expects a democracy to emerge on a continent where nobody could name more than two or three small nations that have even the outward trappings of popular representation or the most elementary institutions for protecting individual rights. The threat of another Idi Amin, or of a Soviet-dominated chrome cartel, cannot be lightly dismissed.

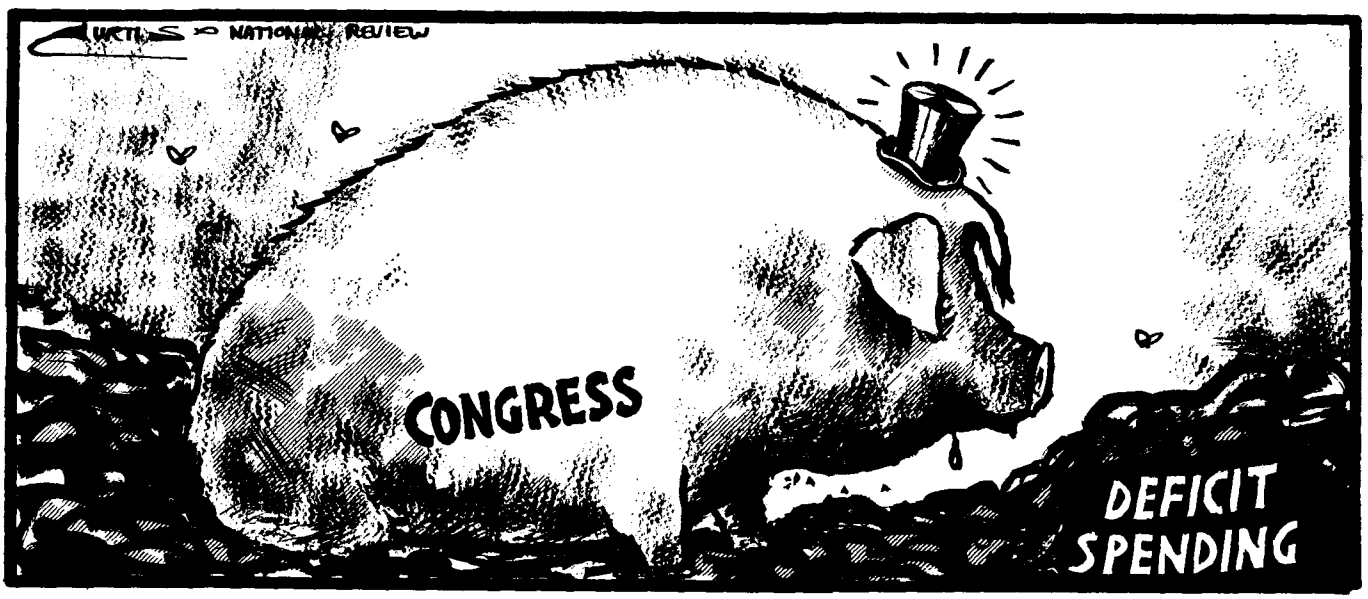
Logic and experience suggest that a renewed embargo on Rhodesian chrome would hurt us more than Rhodesia. And the morality of injuring Rhodesian workers in order to help Russia and South Africa is hardly self-evident. But of course the repeal of the Byrd Amendment is a political, not a moral, feint.

Wounded Bird

The Concorde—that whimsical-looking, impractical bird—has gathered unto itself the threads of so many controversies that no two people discussing it seem even to be engaged in the same argument. But here are some of the principal issues:

1. The Concorde—which requires a tremendous amount of fuel to fly at nearly double the speed of sound—had the misfortune not to be hatched until after the Arab oil embargo. Some analysts are now speculating that the Concorde is bound to fail simply because the cost of fuel makes its fares prohibitively high, and therefore that the French and British governments, even as they make political capital out of it, are secretly grateful to the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey: they can blame it rather than themselves for wasting $3 billion of their hard-pressed taxpayers' money.

2. Others argue that the Concorde would be econom-



Ethics Code

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ically viable were it allowed four flights a day into New York, which is where most transatlantic passengers want to come. If that be so, then once again the Concorde's timing was unfortunate. It came along just when the people living within earshot of Kennedy Airport were banding together and looking around for a final straw. Environmental activism, rumors of the Concorde's noisiness, and, probably, some residual anti-SST sentiment (see James Burnham's column, p. 377) combined to make them dig in their heels against this spectacularly visible symbol.

3. The logical way of settling the dispute would seem to be what then-Secretary of Transportation William Coleman proposed last year: let the Concorde operate out of Kennedy for 16 months, which would allow scientists to measure the noise level objectively, in all weathers, under Kennedy's particular atmospheric and geographical conditions; it would also, subjectively, force the residents to get over their initial resistance, and allow potential customers to get used to thinking of the Concorde as an alternative to the slower jets. However, reactions from London and Washington imply that the results of any test would be far from conclusive: people living near Washington's Dulles Airport mostly say they don't even notice the Concorde any more; Londoners disagree. Even the experts' readings of the decibel charts seem to disagree: some say the Concorde is twice as loud as conventional jets; others say it is not significantly louder than the DC8s and 707s.

4. Most of those who are now urging New York to go through with the test seem to assume that the Concorde will fail, either sonically or economically. The real dilemma, for those who have to reconcile our Allies' interests with our citizens', would come if the Concorde refused to fail.

Anatomy of a Smear

Recently *NR* called attention to the fact that the *Guardian*, a left-liberal British periodical, had published a page-one article asserting that a book on Chile by Robert Moss had been indirectly subsidized by CIA cash. Moss, an expert on the subject of revolution and counter-revolution, as well as a contributor to *NR*, comments as follows:

"What has been in train is, of course, a prize example of Lenin's dictum that 'if you label something effectively, you don't have to argue with it.' The allegation that the book series that published my Chile book was CIA-funded has never been proven—*not a single shred of evidence has been produced*—and I do not believe that CIA money was ever involved, directly or indirectly. The smearers also find it convenient to omit that a dozen other British authors of distinction (e.g., Professor Max Beloff, Sir William Hayter, Sir Robert Thompson, Lord Gladwyn) published books in the same series; or that amongst the hundreds of contributors to Forum World Features (with which the series was connected) was Clement Attlee. Never mind: a front-page article in the *Guardian* (by a journalist who has admitted to working with Philip Agee, whose previous articles on similar themes were spiked by a previous *Guardian* editor on the ground that he 'was not in business to do the work of the KGB,' and whose previous research assistants include a man who was convicted and fined for stealing political documents from a private house) was enough to get the ball rolling. After that, all they have to do is follow Goebbels' advice: Tell big lies and repeat them over and over. . . . There is indeed a story to be told; I am thinking of telling some of it myself in a book on disinformation. There is proof of the direct involvement of the KGB and the Cuban DGI in the whole affair." Mr. Moss has gone on to file a libel suit. Stay tuned. This one promises to get a lot rougher.

Biblical Bombshell

Anglican Bishop John A. T. Robinson possesses two quite different intellectual faces. In 1963 he published a popcult religious best-seller, *Honest to God,* which precipitated a teapot tempest, since it disavowed much traditional theology and moral teaching. Robinson, however, also lectures on theology and biblical criticism at Trinity College, Cambridge, and he is one of the most formidable biblical scholars of our time. His latest book, somewhat paradoxically, seems certain to prove a powerful intellectual support for orthodox Christianity. Entitled *Redating the New Testament*, it puts forth strong arguments for a much earlier dating of the key books than heretofore generally assumed.

The dating issue has immense consequences. Much modern interpretation of the New Testament assumes the lapse of a substantial period of time between the events of Jesus' life and the composition of the narratives about it. Theories have accordingly proliferated according to which the narratives reflect the imperatives of the early Church, the influence of myth, and so on. During the later part of the nineteenth century, this view reached its intellectual peak, with the composition of John placed well into the second century. Since that time, scholarship

O Ye of Little Faith

When Lenin lived, he loved to tell
How Western businessmen would sell
Their guts away to Communists—
Then wind up on his "little lists."
He wrote it down. It's in The Book!
If Mr. Warnke had a look,
I like to think that even he
Would punctuate more carefully.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been pushing the dates of composition backward in time, closer and closer to the events they describe.

Now comes John Robinson with a strong case for dating Matthew and John as early as 40 A.D., a mere ten years after the Crucifixion, and Mark and Luke a few years later. In historical matters, proximity to the events described is one important criterion. Robinson's arguments, if accepted, mean that these narratives would have been read by people who had been alive, and witnesses, at the time of the events described. Eat your heart out, Bultmann.

Bertram D. Wolfe, R I P

Although Bert Wolfe was full of years at the time of his death last month, I cannot think of a single person in his wide circle of friends and associates who ever thought of him as an old man. Bert would never have tolerated such feelings. To the very end he remained spiritually vital—passionate about his principles, enthusiastic about his work, dedicated to the cause of the West. While he was one of our century's most brilliant scholars, at home in many subjects, he was also a man of action, an intellectual who refused to allow himself to be confined purely to the contemplative life. More than one votary of detente with the Soviet Union had felt the sting of Bert's pen in recent years, and countless survivors of the Gulag Archipelago looked to him as one of their most eloquent champions in America. As a writer he was best known for his magisterial accounts of Soviet history (*Three Who Made a Revolution*) and his scathing critiques of modern Marxism, but he was equally proud of his literary criticism, his studies of Latin American culture, his translations of Spanish poetry, and his contributions to the history of art.

As a young man his fierce opposition to the First World War led him to embrace socialism, and in 1919 he helped found the Communist Party of the United States. Like so many early converts to Communism, he had not, he later confessed, seriously read any of Marx's writings at the time of his initial attraction to that ideology, but he quickly immersed himself in the Marxist canon and became the American CP's most learned and forceful advocate. In 1929, as a member of the executive committee of the Comintern in Moscow, he met, among others, Trotsky, Bukharin, and Molotov. He also met Stalin, who had not yet consolidated his power, and openly clashed with the brutal Georgian. For his premature anti-Stalinism he was detained in Moscow for several months and, along with Jay Lovestone, then the chief of the CPUSA, subsequently expelled from the Party.

As an excommunicated Communist, Bert moved slowly away from Marxism to democratic socialism and, ultimately, to political conservatism. He served as an ideological advisor to the international broadcasting division of the State Department, he wrote countless books and articles, he lectured at American and European universities, and through all these activities he emerged as one of international Communism's most effective enemies. In the end he could say, as Sieyès had said when asked how he fared during the French Revolution's Reign of Terror, "I survived it." *Requiescas in pace, anima candida.*

PETER P. WITONSKI

Dr. Friedman's Little Lesson

Four hundred sixty billion out—
  Four hundred billion in,
Means sixty billion's still to come
  From Jimmy Carter's grin.
So as you cash your fifty bucks,
  Remember to express
Your everlasting gratitude
  To Jimmy's printing press.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A few months ago I wrote you a letter asking you a very specific question concerning the Council on Foreign Relations. Specifically, I asked whether or not the organization was, as alleged by author Gary Allen in his books *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* and *The Rockefeller File*, promoting world government at the expense of U.S. sovereignty. Your response to my question was neither specific nor conclusive. You merely stated that it was an organization with different points of views. That Mr. Buckley does not answer the question and you know it does not.

Mr. Buckley, I will ask the question again. Does the Council on Foreign Relations promote world government at the expense of United States of America sovereignty? Yes or No? If you cannot or will not answer the question then I will be forced to draw my own conclusion and forced to terminate my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW. I will also be in contact with my elected representatives in Washington. I shall be anxiously awaiting your reply.

Most sincerely,
Thomas S. Schreck
APO New York

Dear Mr. Schreck: The Council on Foreign Relations consists, as far as most of its members are concerned, in a forum for speakers, more often than not from foreign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries. If there is such a thing, I have never heard the corporate position of the CFR expounded, and certainly it has never been urged at any meeting I have attended. I do not doubt that there are members of the Council who believe in pooled sovereignty. That is true, alas, almost everywhere. As to terminating your subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, may I ask what you intend to convey? That NATIONAL REVIEW is subversive? If so, why don't you point out the subversive paragraphs in the million words we publish every year? If you intend to punish me, believe me your teeth will disintegrate as you chew up your renewal form. In the first place, we are a money-losing, not money-making enterprise. Those who make NATIONAL REVIEW's survival possible are the subscribers to the annual fund appeal. Their desire is to provide useful information for American readers astute enough to desire to read NATIONAL REVIEW. To decide to terminate your subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW is to make a statement touching insignificantly on NATIONAL REVIEW's already empty pocketbook, but most revealing in respect of your own intelligence and desire to be informed. As to contacting your elected representatives in Washington, what will you say to them? And whom will you contact? Senator Goldwater? He is co-sponsor of a bill (twenty years old) to pool U.S. sovereignty with Great Britain's. The only safe course for you is to stop reading any magazines, any books, any newspapers; to stop watching TV (it is infested with commentators who believe in world government), stop eating the products advertised on TV, boycott Congress, and turn off all the lights. But watch out. You might find yourself having to think, and you'd never be the same again. Yours cordially, WFB

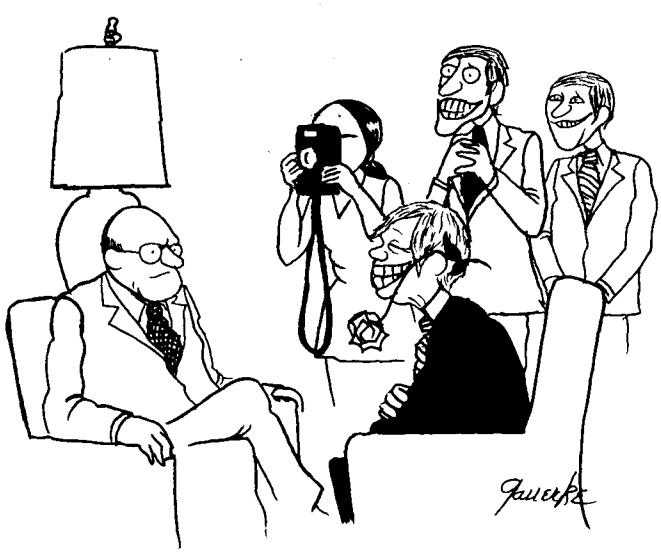
■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re Bryan Griffin's long ramble about *NR* in the January 21, 1977 "Notes and Asides," some thoughts. I love, respect, and cherish *NR* as thoughtful conservative brain food and as a foil to predominant media conventional wisdoms. This is not to say that *NR* does not utterly infuriate me sometimes on some topics, but by and large you are the Good Guys and I'm grateful *NR* is around.

Basically, please keep up the good work, with essentially your present format—especially the wit and humor. But I have one suggestion along the lines of Mr. Griffin's. Some brightening of *NR*'s contents might induce more persons at newsstands—like Mr. Griffin—to make an initial decision to pick up *NR* in preference to something else. Then, hopefully addicted, such persons might get on the subscription rolls and stay. And we regulars would certainly welcome that. An immediate thought as to a form some brightening could take might be a double-page spread in each issue of several particularly provocative, zesty, or just plain funny editorial cartoons which have appeared in U.S. and other publications recently. Cartoons chosen for reprinting need not be universally "conservative" either, as long as they are piquant.

In any event my very best wishes to you personally and to the *NR* staff.

Sincerely yours,
D. Thomas Longo Jr.
American Consul
Budapest, Hungary



"We stand firm. We'll not back down on our friendly criticism—non-strident and amicable, of course—of attempts by your respected government to intimidate Andrei Sakharov."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have read two of your recent books, alas.

Airborne is totally without merit, except for its title which, although clever, is a misnomer, since a substantial part of the trip was under power, with barrels of fuel lashed on deck, no less. The book has no substance, no message, no entertainment, no value. Your publisher should be more discriminating.

Saving the Queen is a good story, but you have abominable taste and insensitivity.

These two books are no recommendation for your NATIONAL REVIEW or any other of your publications.

Sincerely yours,
Louis E. Prickman, MD
Mayo Clinic
Rochester, Minn.

Dear Doc: Please call me Bill. Can I call you by your nickname? Cordially, WFB

■ To my dearest Mr. Buckley:

Where would you be today if you were Puerto Rican?

Cordially,
Colleen Baldwin
Denton, Tex.

To my dearest Miss Baldwin: Probably I'd be minister of propaganda in the administration of Governor Carlos Romero Barcelo, my classmate at Yale. Cordially,
—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sorry, Can't Make It

Notes from the Road

JAMES BURNHAM

ANOTHER long auto trip, with its attendant impressions, reinforces my feeling that our successors will see the ruins of the interstate highway system as the supreme and defining monument of our culture. The interstate system externalizes a creative act Promethean in dynamism and scope—as if a pre-Olympian sculptor had taken the nation's continental land mass as his medium. To comprehend its form you must look at a map of the system, such as is included in a standard road atlas. You see at once that the system was conceived in terms of the nation as a whole, conceived as a network of ligatures, or arteries, that would link the nation *into* a whole. Mountains and plains, valleys and deserts, cities and farms and wide open spaces, all are framed and encompassed.

The interstate system cannot be understood as a merely material object—so many billion tons of concrete and asphalt. Through these arteries the millions of cars with their passengers and the millions of trucks with their tens of millions of tons of the nation's multitudinous products are continuously flowing, like blood in a living body.

Nor does adding the vehicles and their contents complete the description. As the spoor of the double pavement advanced relentlessly according to the will of its collective creator, the magic of the Invisible Hand unveiled, at each suitable interval, food and lodging for the travelers and nourishment for the hungry machines. (Along Rome's imperial roads, too, there were inns placed a day's journey apart, and clusters of lodgings and taverns on the outskirts of cities.)

Near and Yet So Far

The interstate system, begun in Dwight Eisenhower's Administration, is now about 90 per cent finished. Those of us who use it often will have observed what statistics confirm: that its *rate* of progress has been slowing down during the past seven or eight years and is at present minuscule. All the projected strands are well along and not a few finished. But a good many are and for years have been a small gap short of their goal. Somehow this gap, though narrowed from time to time, just can't seem to get closed. I-84 raced west from its New England starting point to a few miles from its Scranton target, and there it has floundered. I-40 has been trying for years to push through Memphis. Even I-95, the great highway down the east coast, can't make it into or around Savannah. All travelers can readily multiply examples.

It is not lack of money. The interstate system is the most costly project the nation—or any nation—has ever undertaken. Compared to it the Manhattan and Apollo projects were trifles. But there has always been plenty of money for the interstate; at present there is a surplus in the federal road fund.

When you try to find out what blocks the last miles—many of them in or near cities, especially in the East—you hear about protests and litigation based on claims that the planned route will ruin the area's natural, cultural, or social environment. But, of course, from the first of the planned 25,000 miles, the interstates have been ruining (i.e., changing) the pre-existing environment. The fact is that the social energy, the *will*, that for nearly twenty years drove those colossal ribbons through every obstacle has become exhausted, as in the case of the mountain climber who gets bogged down 100 meters from the summit.

As things now look, the interstate project is never going to be completed; we are in the process of quitting. As I thought about this, it occurred to me that there are several parallel histories in this same period. For one, the history of the Vietnam War. There, too, the nation undertook a vast enterprise, carried it stubbornly forward for many years, then bogged down and finally quit.

The supersonic transport project was another such. Just as the creative years of determined research and development were ready for fruition, the nation drew back. The Apollo project, with its withering away, has the same essential form. Everyone involved in Apollo assumed that sending men to the moon was only a prelude to founding a human settlement on the moon, from which, in due course, men would take off for the planets. From this perspective, also, the nation retreated. We can also include the commitment, a generation ago, to a revolutionizing nuclear energy program, which has become bogged down like the others.

These five projects have key features in common: 1) Their physical and economic scale is huge. 2) Their objectives signify advances into new technological and cultural territory—advances that continue the prior historical direction taken by our nation. (The Vietnam War is perhaps an exception in this respect, though it too may have been attempting an historical advance.) 3) The nation committed itself to these projects, pursued them for a long time at enormous cost, then lost momentum and failed (or seems in the process of failing) to carry them through. 4) The bogging down of all five began in roughly the same period—seven or eight years ago.

The Path Now Down?

There is a fifth common feature. In each case, the exhaustion of the will to advance has been the converse of the strengthening of the will to slow down, stop, fall back. In all five instances, moreover, it is the same persons, generally speaking, who line up on the side embodying the will to retreat. They may be designated differently—e.g., "antiwar movement" in relation to Vietnam, "environmentalists" in relation to the supersonic transport, interstate, or nuclear energy. But the people who are actively negative on nuclear energy are mostly the same who are negative on the supersonic transport, the interstate, and manned space travel, and were also anti-Vietnam-War.

I am not assuming that these projects, or any of them, are "good" and their failure "bad." However, in an objective geometric sense they have been forward moves, and their reversals are moves backward. The opposition to them is therefore accurately termed "reactionary," even though it may be right.

Reflection on these seemingly inter-

(Continues on page 401)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH
VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY

THE Word is Freedom

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

TOWARD THE END of our conversation, Vladimir Bukovsky was asked if he thought NBC should be televising the 1980 Olympics in Moscow.

"Why not?" he answered. In fact, he might just enter the Games himself by proxy. "When I was in Holland not too long ago," he explained, "a woman who had been sympathetic to me for many, many years presented me with a jumping horse. The horse had the same name that I have —Vladimir Bukovsky—because it was born on the date of my last trial. I intend to send this jumping horse to Moscow's Olympic Games in my place. What I'd like to know is whether they will allow this horse bearing my name to enter the Soviet Union. For me, this is a Trojan Horse."

Much of the conversation went this way—profound comments on life in the Soviet Union and the dissidents' hopes for their country, frequently expressed anecdotally and even jokingly. Earlier, for instance, we had been discussing the thirst among Soviet citizens for books published outside the Soviet Union and smuggled in.

"In the Soviet Union there is a tremendous market for such books," said Bukovsky. "It has reached the point where recently the local paper in Klaypeda, a port in Lithuania, published a very lengthy article complaining about the moral degradation of Soviet citizens. The article pointed out that things have obviously reached a very low ebb, since Soviet sailors who come back to Klaypeda from foreign ports pay the Klaypeda prostitutes not with money but with forbidden works in Russian."

A great contrast here between East and West. Bukovsky continues: "In this connection, I have been asked just what sort of French prostitute would like to be paid for her services with the works of Sartre." I am tempted here to inject something strident about Sartre's role as one of the premiere intellectual prostitutes of the age, but I restrain myself. We mull it over briefly, and decide that only an existential French prostitute would fill the bill.

Mr. Coyne, NR*'s Washington correspondent, is working on a book about the politics of the Sixties and Seventies.*

Bukovsky is not the man we came prepared for. Solzhenitsyn is the archetypal exile from Nikolai Nekrasov's Mother Russia, where it is always the nineteenth century—a brooding, prophetic, larger-than-life figure, the ghost of conscience past come to call a frivolous people to judgment. Solzhenitsyn is a formidable man, and this may well be a basic reason, albeit an unconscious one, why Ford and Kissinger refused to receive him—he frightened them.

But on the surface, Bukovsky is altogether different. Barely two months out of Vladimir Prison, one of Russia's most infamous, he has lost his concentration-camp pallor and begun to fill out. He is compact, of middle height, and with his hand-knit sweater and short haircut could pass for an American college student, perhaps a member of the lightweight crew. He is a young 34, articulate and sure of himself, the only signs of self-consciousness surfacing when he briefly touches his prison-cut hair, now growing out. As he talks he smokes filter-tipped cigarettes constantly, and the way he holds and inhales them suggests that an unlimited supply of tobacco is still one of life's great luxuries.

BUKOVSKY is an engaging man, easy to talk to, not at all formidable, except for those moments when, formulating an answer to a clumsily phrased question, his eyes go hard and he is suddenly twenty years older, as if he were looking inward at scenes that most Americans simply can't imagine. And at such moments the interviewer suddenly realizes that no matter how fluently and spontaneously the conversation flows on the surface, just beneath there is an experiential chasm that cannot be spanned. No native-born American knows what it is like to spend nearly all his adult life in prisons, lunatic asylums, and labor camps as a political prisoner. None of us has been drugged, tortured, fed on bits of rotten fish, and forced to watch our friends die slowly, their only crime having been the desire to express dissenting political views openly and freely. And few among us can understand what it must do to the spirit to know that the political gestures you make, your sacrifice and punishment, will probably do nothing to alter the pol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

icies of the totalitarians bent on breaking you. How can you, under such conditions, with no hope in sight, sustain yourself? And how can you suddenly emerge from those depths, your spirit not only intact but strengthened, joking and wisecracking as if life has never been anything but great fun?

Most of us, if we stretch our imaginations to the fullest, can guess. But Vladimir Bukovsky knows, for such things have formed the substance of his life.

Bukovsky's refusal to fit into the mold shaped for him by the Soviet state began in high school, from which he was expelled for publishing a satirical journal. Because he was a good student, he was later admitted to Moscow University, but was again expelled, for helping to put out another journal and participating in poetry readings. In 1963 he was arrested for the first time for distributing copies of *The New Class*, a crime roughly equivalent to passing out *Conscience of a Conservative* on the Berkeley campus, and was shipped off to a prison–mental asylum in Leningrad where he spent 15 months, a period to which he refers as "15 months of hell." In 1965 he helped organize a peaceful Moscow human-rights demonstration, calling, among other things, for adherence to the Soviet Constitution, for which he was returned to the asylum for another half-year. In 1970 he compiled case histories of eight political prisoners confined in mental institutions and sent them out to the West, providing the first hard proof that the Soviet regime routinely uses psychiatric treatment to break political dissenters. For this, Bukovsky was arrested and sentenced to seven years in prison, five years in a hard-labor concentration camp, and five years of internal exile. It was the first part of this sentence that Bukovsky was serving when the KGB whisked him out of Vladimir Prison and put him on a jet to Zurich, still handcuffed, to be traded for Chilean Communist Party chief Luis Corvalán. Thus Bukovsky gained a sudden freedom he did not expect, and the Soviet regime for the first time tacitly admitted that it does in fact keep political prisoners.

If you listen to Radio Moscow's English-language transmissions in the evening, as I frequently do, you'll hear Bukovsky mentioned in nearly every half-hour segment, usually as "a common criminal" or a "terrorist." In the Sixties, says Bukovsky, they variously referred to him as a schismatic, a reject, or a lunatic. In the early 1970s he was promoted to "a paid agent of Western imperialism." In 1976, when, through the offices of organizations like Amnesty International, the plight of Bukovsky and others like him was broadcast throughout the world, the Soviet First Deputy Minister of Justice wrote, as Bukovsky puts it, "a most lengthy article about me which took a whole page in a Soviet newspaper. In it he accused me of committing all those acts which even the courts had not dared charge me with.

"Ever since that they've done nothing but increase the charges against me. Now that I'm in the West, and traveling from country to country, I find that in each one the Soviet embassy has a press release on me ready when I arrive. And each time they accuse me of graver sins. While I was in England, for instance, they accused me, for all intents and purposes, of being a spy. And here in America, they are accusing me of having helped the criminals in the Soviet Union—the gangsters. So, as you see, their appreciation of me keeps growing."

Bukovsky is not a defector. He is an exile who did not ask or expect to be exiled. But now that he is forced to live outside his country, he does not intend to let up in his fight for rights in the USSR

So it does. But the Soviet spokesmen, as is their wont, never back up their accusations with specifics, for the simple reason that they can't. The official charges against Bukovsky are well known, a matter of record, and each of those charges is purely political. Were similar charges leveled at an American political dissenter, the worst punishment he could conceivably face would be to appear on an endless round of TV talk shows. There is, in certain circles here, a tendency—no doubt a vestigial leftist reflex from the days when we forgave the Russians everything from the Great Terror to the pact with Hitler—to equate the situation of the Russian dissidents with that of American protestors like Angela Davis.

But that, of course, is pure moonshine. Angela Davis is free to race about the country calling for the downfall of the government and complaining to anyone who is willing to listen about the abridgement of her freedom to speak; at the most, she risks a sentence for something like inciting to riot, followed by fast bail. But Bukovsky and Sakharov and Aleksandr Ginzburg faced imprisonment in concentration camps and asylums, where no one in power would strenuously object if they chose to die. Bukovsky points out that Ginzburg, who was recently hauled off to prison for political offenses, suffers from both acute ulcers and acute TB.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is not unlikely that he will die before his release. And that, in short, is the difference between a Bukovsky and a Davis; and anyone who attempts to draw parallels between them might as well also compare the plight of the Chicago Seven to that of Jews in Hitler's Germany.

Bukovsky and his fellows are laying nothing less than their lives on the line, and, as their willingness to suffer for their beliefs without hope of support attests, they are doing it for no ulterior or self-serving motives. Bukovsky is not a defector. He is an exile who did not ask or expect to be exiled. But now that he is forced to live outside his country, he does not intend to let up in his fight for human rights in the Soviet Union. He intends instead to build a Trojan Horse.

One way that the Soviet exiles carry on their fight is through the dissemination of information about repression within the Soviet Union and the nature of freedom outside its borders. This material takes different forms. There is the *samizdat* (self-published), which is copied and circulated within the Soviet Union, but also smuggled out, reproduced in magazine or book form, and smuggled back in as *tamizdat*. *Tamizdat*, which also refers to original émigré literature—a new book by Solzhenitsyn, for instance—is, according to Bukovsky, "distributed in the Soviet Union on the largest scale you can imagine."

How large is that? No one knows for sure, but in 1970, Bukovsky and his friends attempted to find out just how many copies of the *Chronicle of Current Events*, a publication that documents instances of repression within the Soviet Union, were being distributed. "In spite of the fact that the network for distribution is extremely disjointed," says Bukovsky, "we discovered, for instance, that in a small area such as Lithuania—in Lithuania alone—at least ten thousand copies were being distributed every month."

THERE IS also the tremendous black market for books mentioned earlier, and for a magazine called *Kontinent*, which Bukovsky says is very highly prized. *Kontinent*, which for the past two and a half years has been published in Paris by Vladimir Maximov, a Russian exile, now appears in 11 languages and features the works of Eastern European writers, exiled Russians, and authors inside the Soviet Union who smuggle their works out. [See also the review of *Kontinent* on p. 396.]

Another important source of information, says Bukovsky, is the radio stations that beam Russian-language broadcasts into the Soviet Union, among them the Voice of America and, when it can be heard, Radio Liberty. Such stations, according to Bukovsky, are listened to by millions, a cross-section of Soviet society. "When I was in Vladimir Prison," says Bukovsky, "the wardens listened to the radio and from time to time reported to us what they had heard on the Western broadcasts."

Bukovsky believes, however, that these broadcasts are less effective than they could be, primarily because of the guidelines laid down by a detente-conscious State Department. "Time and time again in recent years, information that was important to us, as well as discussion and debates taking place here in the West, were silenced because of the diplomacy being practiced at the moment. I've been informed, for example, that on specific instructions from former Secretary of State Kissinger, radio stations such as the Voice of America and Radio Liberty were strictly forbidden to mention the names of those people who needed help, who were arrested, who should have been supported.

"A few days ago we were at the State Department. We spoke to one of the important personages there, who informed us that the Voice of America is forbidden by the State Department to provide any commentary whatsoever . . . Because of this lack of commentary, because of the lack of understanding of the Russian mentality—Russian psychology—these stations are working, at most, at 60 per cent capacity."

Ask the smallest child in kindergarten in the Soviet Union, ask any collective farmer, ask any Soviet citizen if Brezhnev really meant it. Every last one of them will tell you, 'Yes, that is exactly what he meant.'

Bukovsky offers a homely example. "Recently here in the West I tuned in the Voice of America and I heard that in America there is an acute shortage of water. Just that, with no explanation. Now imagine, for a second, a Soviet citizen somewhere out in a remote village who sits there and listens to this type of broadcast. And as he listens, he thinks to himself—well, all right, so I don't have any electricity, I don't have much meat—in fact, hardly any meat at all—but at least I have a well with water."

Radio Liberty is caught in the same bind: "I've become acquainted with the guidelines which apply to Radio Liberty, and the situation there is much graver than I suspected. Those guidelines remind me of instructions I've come to know, laid down by the Minister of Internal Affairs of the Soviet Union." Such guidelines, says Bukovsky, often render the whole effort academic. "Take the guideline, for instance, under which all employees are forbidden to convey any information which could be remotely construed as an encouragement to escape from the Soviet Union."

"How can you interpret such a guideline? Take, for example, the case of Vladimir Maximov, who now lives very successfully in Paris, where he publishes *Kontinent*. If you describe his life in Paris, then you cannot help but break the guideline, for just by describing it you are in effect encouraging other authors to defect from the Soviet Union."

Bukovsky dismisses the notion that increased commentary might encourage armed uprisings, as some of the more cautious among us apparently believe. Such encouragement may or may not have been a factor in the attempted revolutions in the satellites in the Fifties and Sixties, although the role of radio broadcasts in those uprisings has been highly exaggerated. In fact, the case can be made that they have precisely the opposite effect. As Bukovsky points out, armed uprisings most often occur when a people sinks deeply into despair, when there seems no other way out. But commentaries from the West, if properly done, can demonstrate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that a better way of life is possible and thus can force the leaders of the Soviet regime to make concessions. Neither Bukovsky nor any of his fellow dissidents favor armed uprising. Nor do they think that any groups within the Soviet Union or its satellites still believe—if in fact they ever did—that the West would come to their aid militarily. But they do favor straight talk about the differences between life here and in the Soviet Union. Those broadcasts, like the *tamizdat*, are Trojan Horses, daily breaching the walls built around the Soviet bloc. And their cargo is not soldiers, but ideas.

Bukovsky hastens to add that he does not intend to be hypercritical of our radio efforts. Although he strongly opposes the limitations put on commentary, he does believe that VOA and other stations, among them the BBC, do an excellent job of transmitting basic information. Like his fellow dissidents, however, he hasn't a good word to say about detente. He believes, for instance, that Brezhnev's speech in Prague in 1973, reported in the *Boston Globe* and NATIONAL REVIEW but ignored by much of the national media, succinctly summarizes the official Soviet view of detente.

"We are achieving with detente what our predecessors have been unable to achieve using the mailed fist," Brezhnev reportedly said. "We have been able to accomplish more in a short time with detente than was done for years pursuing a confrontation policy with NATO . . . Trust us, comrades, for by 1985, as a consequence of what we are now achieving with detente, we will have achieved most of our objectives in Western Europe. We will have consolidated our position. We will have improved our economy. And a decisive shift in the correlation of forces will be such that, come 1985, we will be able to extend our will wherever we need to."

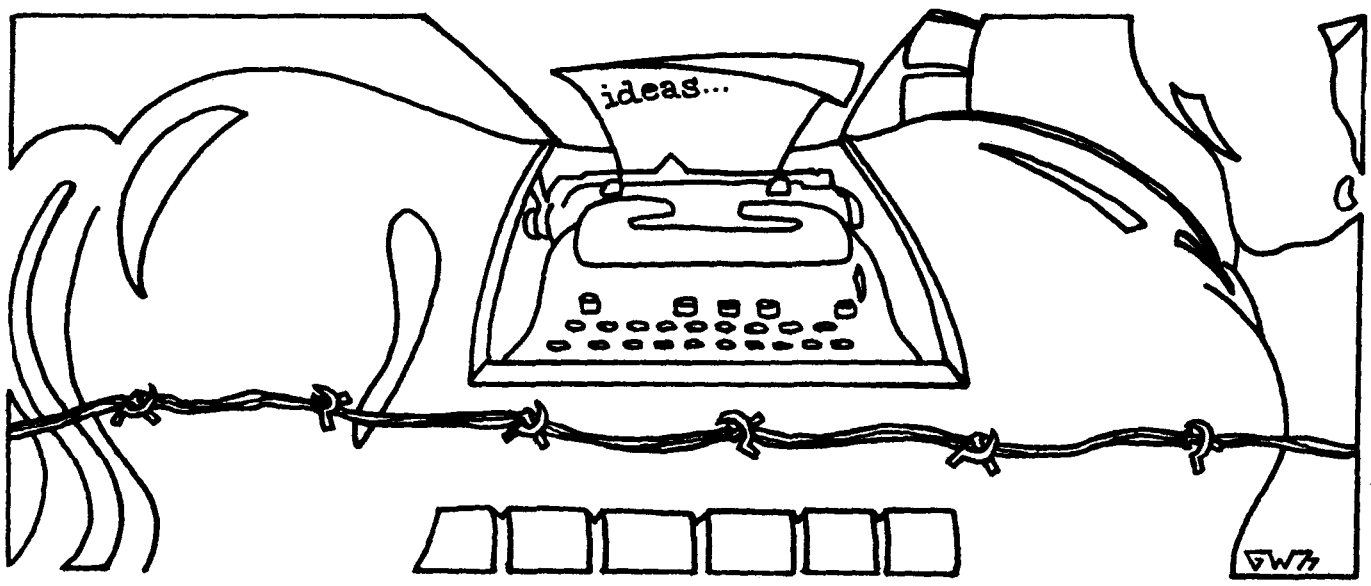
Says Bukovsky: "I was not at all surprised by Brezhnev's statement. But what does surprise me is the fact that politicians in the West can't seem to understand what he's talking about. Western politicians simply don't understand the psychology of Brezhnev, the psychology of the Soviet leaders. But you ask if Brezhnev meant what he said. You don't have to ask me. Ask the smallest child in kindergarten in the Soviet Union, ask any collective farmer, ask any Soviet citizen if Brezhnev really meant it. Every last one of them will tell you, 'Yes, indeed, that is exactly what he meant.' "

Bukovsky's estimate of the effects of detente is identical to the one provided by James Burnham in the March 18 *NR*. Said Burnham: "The Soviet Union has received from the West, at minor cost, equipment, technology, and know-how that has greatly strengthened and upgraded the Soviet economy, filled critical Soviet deficiencies in agriculture and industry, and given the Soviet leadership increased flexibility in allocating resources."

AND WHAT have we received in return? Little, as Burnham points out, beyond a wider market for such things as Pepsi Cola. The Soviet regime has not softened since detente began; it remains totalitarian. And detente, the dissidents add, provides it with the wherewithal to remain that way. The talk was once of the fat Communist. Stuff him with Western goods, the argument ran, and he would become sated, his appetite for armaments and expansion effectively dulled. But that Communist is fat now, and his appetite shows no sign of abating. That it ever would, of course, was a peculiarly American fantasy, growing out of a bizarre view of the world derived in part from our own odd intellectual blend of parlor Marxist notions about human nature and a bourgeois faith in the perfectibility of man. But the Communists behaved precisely like Communists. Today, we have suddenly come to realize that, if that fat Communist were lean and hungry, he might be turning furiously inward, striving to develop the wherewithal to make a better life. But we have taken care of much of that for him, and thus he can concentrate on the matters dearest to his heart, such as arming himself, and suppressing dissidents.

The crucial moment, says Bukovsky, arrived at the end of the Sixties, when the leaders of the regime came to realize that if they were to keep up, they desperately needed to modernize their industry, to automate and computerize. But this modernization, says Bukovsky, could not be carried out without "freedom of creativity," which would make it possible to develop along the same lines as the West, and which would include allowing Soviet scientists to create their own systems of computerization and automation.

"In 1970, the question also arose of modernizing separate



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industries. Two points of view developed. One was that industry should be decentralized and liberalized—liberalization in that context meaning greater material incentives for the workers, greater opportunities for management to trade and sell their goods and perhaps to hire and fire people. But this point of view obviously did not suit the political leadership, the men who controlled the party machine, for it would mean loss of power.

"So there developed an alternative solution to the problem. Instead of modernizing and liberalizing Soviet industry, why not buy all the necessary machinery and equipment from the West? And the West was very willing. The result? They agreed to a formula which turned out to represent the crudest possible interference in our internal affairs.

Do you interfere on the side of the government of the Soviet Union, or do you interfere on the side of the Soviet people? When I was taken out of the Soviet Union, I had on handcuffs, and on them was written, Made in U.S.A.

"There is a myth," Bukovsky continues, "perpetuated by many of your businessmen here in the West, that trade without preconditions is strictly a neutral instrument in the relationship between two countries." But this, he insists, is simply not so. Such trade with a totalitarian country, in fact, may prove the most cruelly partisan of all.

"Ultimately, the question boils down to this: Do you interfere on the side of the government of the Soviet Union, or do you interfere on the side of the Soviet people?

"When I was being taken out of the Soviet Union, I had on handcuffs, and on those handcuffs was written, MADE IN U.S.A. To a great extent this trade that is not conditional means precisely that—it means selling to our state handcuffs for our people."

Handcuffs for the people—a powerful symbol for detente.

We also spoke of other, more hopeful, symbols, such as Carter's letter to Sakharov. That letter is being criticized in various quarters for various reasons, some of them, understandably enough, partisan political reasons. It's a fine idea in principle, the arguments seem to run, but diplomacy is a complex business, and pressures for such things as human rights should be exercised quietly, and only among leaders at the highest levels. Perhaps. But that means business as usual. That's how it has been done for the past decade, and one result is that the Soviets remain as indifferent and repressive as ever. Carter's gesture, however, has revived hope among dissidents that someone at the highest level does indeed sympathize with them. Carter's letter is for the dissidents a symbol of hope, and for men who have sustained themselves without encouragement through years of indescribable suffering, such a symbol can be a powerful source of moral support. And on the practical level, there is good reason to believe that Carter's letter, more than any other single factor, has prevented the regime from imprisoning Sakharov for what it calls his "slanders" against the state. Whether Sakharov's immunity from arrest will continue is uncertain. The intensity of the attacks against him over Radio Moscow increases nightly.

Bukovsky views his own visit to Carter as a symbol of equal strength, press photographs or no. What is important, he says, is that through their meeting, "the American people, in the person of its President, has expressed its moral support of the movement for human rights in the USSR which defends the same principles and values that are dear to the hearts of the American people."

The debate over our approach to human rights will intensify in the months ahead, in many cases breaking on predictable political lines, and goring many ideological oxen, both right and left. But there is no doubt it is having an effect. Radio Moscow, which insists that the Soviet dissidents are insignificant and not worthy of attention, devotes much of each of its half-hour segments to denouncing those insignificant dissidents. And surely, without the uproar over repression, Vladimir Bukovsky would not be free today.

The Soviets may yet turn nasty and imprison them all, including Sakharov. But more likely, they will begin a mass expulsion of all identified dissidents. If so, we will find out whether Bukovsky's estimate of the width and depth of his movement is in fact accurate. "Our movement represents an iceberg, and we are just the tip. The authorities make attempts time and time again to remove the tip of this iceberg, and they succeed. But when they do, the iceberg simply rises."

Who are the people who make up the bulk of this iceberg? According to Bukovsky, they come from every walk of Soviet life—workers, middle managerial types, students, technocrats, even the military. If this iceberg does in fact exist, and there seems no good reason to doubt that it does, then the current Soviet regime faces hard times indeed, with ferment spreading within, and a growing number of exiles such as Bukovsky outside, lending moral support and building those Trojan Horses.

IT'S TIME to leave, and we ask a few final obligatory questions, such as what he conceives to be the ideal society. He laughs and says, "The word 'ideal' frightens me. 'Ideal' inevitably leads to more perfect concentration camps."

Throughout the conversation he has refused to categorize himself. He is certainly not a Bolshevik, he says. He is not a Menshevik. He is not a Trotskyist. He is not a socialist. But we are political animals, and we know that everyone, whether he admits it or not, wears a label. Who is he, what is he, what does he want?

As we prepare to leave, he smiles softly, with perhaps just a touch of sadness, and gives us our answer.

"Perhaps it's difficult for you Americans to understand all this. Freedom here is simply like air—you breathe it and you take it for granted."

And that, we realize, is all there is to it. Political and ideological subtleties, which we have come to mistake for basics, are irrelevant, and our search for deeper meanings and motivations is perhaps symptomatic of the way that many of us have lost touch. But for Bukovsky, his soul tempered by the fires of totalitarian tyranny, it can all be summed up in one word. The word is freedom. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARTER 77

'That Slanderous Pamphlet'

B. JICINSKI

"THEY FEAR *the old for their memories./They fear the young for their inexperience./They fear schoolchildren./They fear the dead.*" So begins a song by the recently jailed Prague rock stars, Plastic People.

But what "they" fear most of all at the moment is Charter 77: a typewritten *samizdat* document which starts like a lawyer's brief—"The Law #120, as published in the Czechoslovak Law Record of October 13, 1976," etc.—and which, in the same sober, non-inflammatory language, goes on to detail precisely which of the human rights guaranteed by the Helsinki accords are being violated in Czechoslovakia. The signers also pledged to work toward getting the state to adhere to those provisions.

The Charter has less than three thousand words; the Husak government must have already expended, rather ineffectually, more than three billion words in a gigantic media campaign to persuade the nation and the world that it is a "slanderous," "demagogic" pamphlet, and its 241 signers, "adventurers," "shipwrecks," and "self-appointed elitists." They are, as the Czechoslovak TV put it, "a very mixed bag." And that at least is true: ex-Communists, non-Communists, anti-Communists; philosophers side by side with workers; the famous and the obscure: almost a cross-section of the Czechoslovak society. As one would expect, the list is top-heavy with intellectuals and professionals, and there are some very well-known names, especially from the world of the arts, but almost every other walk of life is also represented: stokers, computer programmers, civil servants, even one ex-member of the secret police. By a coincidence, the original list of signers in alphabetical order begins and ends with a priest.

There are also two well-known widows, and to both of them the synthetic mass hysteria unleashed against the "despicable" *chartari* must have a sadly familiar ring. Mrs. Josefa Slanska and Mrs. Marie Svermova went through a similar vituperative campaign in the Stalinist early Fifties when their "Titoist, cosmopolitan" husbands were being set up for trial and execution. The purpose of the present campaign seems also to be a set-up to be followed by a state trial. Though the trial this time would probably result only in jail sentences, this campaign actually exceeds in scope and frenzy even the infamous one against Slansky.

Not only have there been the obligatory protest meetings in every office, school, and factory, where resolutions condemning the Charter had to be passed, there was also a televised "working people's press conference" for Western journalists (though the "working people" who were there to answer the questions and to reassure the newsmen about the flourishing state of human rights under "socialism" turned out to be four cultural functionaries). And as if all that *still* were not enough, the Board of Artists' Associations, representing the various professional unions of writers, actors, musicians, etc., issued its own anti-Charter proclamation and declared that each and every member of each and every one of those unions would certainly want to sign it (and had better sign it so as not to lose his or her membership, without which one cannot legally be an artist in Czechoslovakia).

Questions

"One might well ask oneself why have our citizens reacted with such spontaneous outrage against this subversive action [of the charterists]," the Party organ *Rude Pravo* mused over the reams of signatures of the faithful as they began duly to appear in its pages. And well one might ask, since none of those supposedly outraged citizens ever had the chance to read the Charter. Its text has never been published in Czechoslovakia, nor even a complete list of its signers, which has since grown to about five hundred names. So how did they know what they were condemning? This is something the Western representatives certainly ought to ask in Belgrade when the case of the Charter comes up, and when the Communists start waving all those resolutions and signatures under their noses. And another question that should be asked is: Does not an outraged citizen have the basic human right to know just what he is outraged about? Perhaps realizing this, the government has abruptly terminated its campaign of organized "protests" by Czech citizens, for fear that it might backfire. At the same time, it has increased its surveillance of the foreign press.

Running Scared

But underneath the synthetic outrage there is actually much quiet rejoicing. Because what the big media campaign, along with the arrests and harassment of the *chartari*, has mainly achieved is to give the Charter tremendous publicity, both inside and outside Czechoslovakia. And the subliminal message the media are sending the populace is: Someone is speaking up; the Charter must be very important, given the noise; it has the regime running scared; the world has noticed. Anyone who has lived in circumstances similar to those of a totalitarian state, such as a POW camp, knows what a boost it is for the collective morale to learn that someone-is-speaking-up-and-the-world-knows-about-us.

It is also obvious from the tenor of the campaign that not only Prague but Moscow got a nasty jolt from the immediate, concerted support given the *chartari* by other East European dissidents; and then another nasty surprise at the breadth and intensity of the support they got in the West, even from most of the Communist Parties. They still can't get over it. And, above all, the whole human rights issue seems to have caught them unprepared, without an effective counterstrategy. All they seem able to do about the Charter, besides trying unsuccessfully to intimidate and to isolate the *chartari*, is to repeat, and make the citizenry sing along: *Yes, we have no human rights problem*—until everybody goes bananas. □

Miss Jicinski is a writer for Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM PLAINS

Carter and the Church

NICHOLAS KING

PLAINS, GA.—The first reaction has to be: How did he do it? How did anyone who grew up in a lost and dusty place like Plains in the middle of a countryside so desolate and uninteresting it is almost beyond folklore ever manage the back-breaking job of getting out of a trough like this all the way to the White House? Abraham Lincoln was raised in a log cabin, but a log cabin was the normal environment of the Midwest in the early nineteenth century. Plains, in the landscape of late twentieth century America, is not normal as the home of a President of the United States.

You approach the place on a nondescript two-lane highway which runs through rolling red earth—the soil is the one beautiful thing—raggedly fenced with post and wire. The farmhouses and weatherbeaten barns sway in the wind against the skyline. The trees grow low on cut-over land, often smothered by the kudzu vine, an ironic legacy of New Deal anti-erosion projects. The only real trees are in the graceful pecan groves. The fields lie plowed, awaiting the planting of peanuts and cotton. Along the road there is hardly a sign of human business, hardly a gas station or a roadside stand.

Population: 683

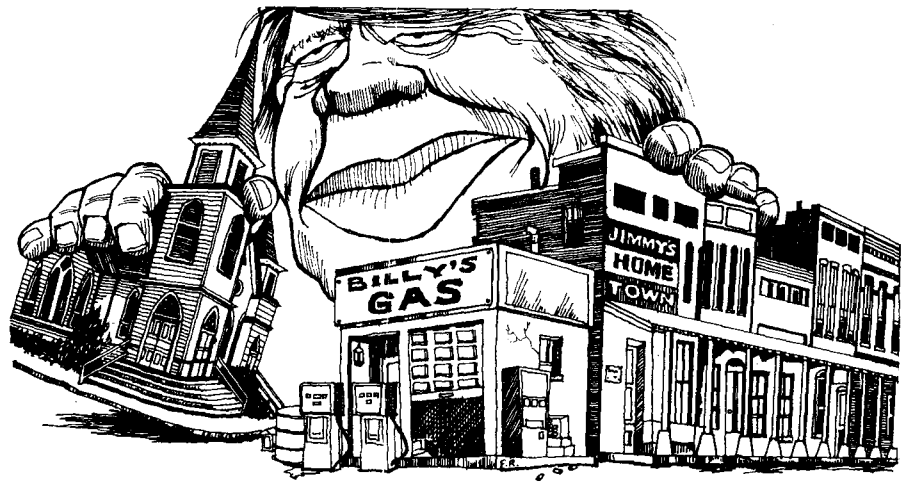
Plains itself is a railroad crossing with a turn-of-the-century brick store block and a humping warehouse or two of corrugated metal; the biggest of them is for peanuts and belongs to the Carters. The houses, laid out on a street grid that fills well under a square mile, are white frame bungalows, with verandas in front, screened porches in back, roofs of dark creosote shingle, no garages, an oak or a hickory or a chinaberry tree, and dried strips of lawn. There is a dilapidated brick high school and three churches, the biggest of which is the Plains Baptist Church, white too, with a respectable steeple and Gothic windows of colored glass. There is, finally, the Seaboard Railroad depot, painted fairly freshly in green and white, which served as Jimmy Carter's campaign headquarters and now serves as a visitors' center and an outlet for the peanut trinkets and souvenir pencils that make up just about the entire retail activity of Plains. The weather is hot and cold at this time of the year, rainy and dry, generally dusty underfoot.

"They say he believes in God," well-informed people remarked last spring when Carter was just emerging from the Jimmy Who? stage and coming to the attention of the polyps of the fashionable reefs in the Northeast. The bald statement was a kind of secret joke which challenged rejoinder: it *was* hard to know what to say. And not just any God, but the God of the Southern Baptist Church, something out of the national songbook, apprehended by many Americans only in historical clichés, and apprehended by those who covered the campaign scarcely at all.

The fact is that most people no longer recognize traditional spirituality, or spirituality of any genuine kind. Culture is the closest they come to religion, and religion is taken as something someone may be interested in or influenced by—a hobby. Thus Jimmy Carter's spiritual "preferences" are commonly treated as simply part of his style, like wearing a cardigan for a television chat. It is evidently too difficult to confront the idea of a man, a successful and clever man, being activated by religious conviction or scruple. Yet from what he has said in *Why Not the Best?* and repeated to *Playboy* and to almost anyone who has asked him seriously about it, Jimmy Carter regards his religion as his central motor. If so, that religion is well worth looking into, both in its historical perspective and in its present political radiation. Springs of behavior like love, compassion, sacrifice, and humility are always uncomfortable: how uncomfortable can we expect them to become?

The South, and especially southern Georgia, is the remaining stronghold of a homogeneous American society. Poor, isolated, self-contained and self-sufficient, it has continued from father to son in a world that is both rugged and fragile. It is a world without communication—or "communication"—because nearly everything comes already understood. Common education, common activity, above all common belief, have worked together to create a harmony, or at least a unity, that in a different environment might be dissected and fretted over by anthropologists. There are 683 people in Plains and 415 of them are Baptists. There is little pluralistic discretion, no "God of your choice." The world here is inside an envelope, an envelope that looks at once tougher and less elastic than it probably is.

Southern Baptists are cast by textbooks in the role of historical victims. They are traditionally conservative in



Mr. King, a former foreign correspondent, is a frequent contributor to NR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political outlook, so conservative that they seem caught in the net of their fundamentalist tenets, chief of which is, of course, the literal interpretation of the Bible. Yet the Baptists claim to be the original freedom-fighters of the American colonies. They revolted against the theocracy of New England Congregationalism to found a church entirely dedicated to freedom of conscience and separation from the state. Baptist apologists argue with much conviction when they say that the American political freedom won in the War of Independence issued not so much from eighteenth century European rationalism as from the spirit of religious freedom witnessed, and witnessed in pain and travail, by the American Baptists of a century before.

Black and White

From their origins in Rhode Island, the Baptists grew throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, splitting into various nuclei but remaining a loosely united denomination. Naturally they were regionally oriented, particularly in the South, and by 1845 it became clear that the Southern Baptists would have to face the issue of slavery head-on, since their Northern brethren were in the forefront of the abolitionist ranks. They faced it, as the South itself faced it, by defending the institution, though not without a struggle. But once they decided to defend it, they moved with decisive if fatal vigor. The black man was bound by Noah's curse on Ham to be a servant of servants forever. This was the basic mold of Southern Baptist reasoning and it culminated in the widely held, or at least proclaimed, belief that God had brought the black man to America for the principal purpose of Christianizing him.

This sounds as absurd in the South today as anywhere else. The Baptists—they are not a formal "church" but a denomination organized in state and regional authorities—have no dogma other than the interpretation of the Bible, and such interpretation changes. Their preachers and their spokesmen in the powerful and widespread Baptist press are men of their time. Billy Graham is the *ne plus ultra* of Southern Baptist preachers if you want a reference, although Southern Baptists would insist characteristically that he does not always speak for all of them. Apart from race, Southern Baptists have fought a rear-guard action against many other currents of social movement in the past one hundred years, against state assumption of private responsibility; against labor unions; against railroads, women's rights, tobacco, liquor—especially liquor—gambling, theaters, dancing, and professional sports.

Southern Baptists accepted black freedom in 1865, but not black equality or black opportunity. The reason the blacks have their own churches in the Baptist South to this day is not so much that they were excluded from membership in white congregations, which they were, as that the one place they could exercise their newly accorded emancipation was in their own churches. It is ironic that in the name of civil rights the blacks now want to return to the white pews they once left so gladly.

Whether church segregation is judged religious or political, Southern Baptists in the big cities say their congregations are now "open," which means that blacks can become members and worship regularly with the whites. The "opening" of the Plains Baptist Church was achieved last fall under the leadership of the Carter family after the irruption of black banner-bearer—what was he, anyway?—Clennon King. But there was opposition to the opening from the church's old guard, and the only black face in the congregation the Sunday that Jimmy Carter first returned to Plains as President belonged to a Secret Service man. That the opposition remains strong is indicated by the departure of the Reverend Bruce Edwards, the young minister the Carters supported. The old guard is said to be opposed to the Carters, too: "angry"—in Mr. Edwards' word—at the commotion the Presidency has created in the church and at the intrusion of tourists who come, it is supposed, to spy and to scoff.

These putative scoffers, few in number because the three hundred seats in the church are allotted by priority to the regular members, were welcomed by Mr. Edwards as precisely those lost souls Baptists should be eagerly reaching out to save, and therefore for the best of reasons especially welcome. But the best of reasons may be unacceptable when the comfort and indeed the peace of a settled congregation of worshippers is threatened by noise, shuffling, and ignorant church manners.

It is true that on that Sunday of President Carter's visit, the few outside souls were awe-struck enough to pay careful attention to the exegesis of the healing of the man sick of the palsy in the second chapter of St. Mark made by the Sunday School teacher with special reference to the confounding of the scribes. And they craned their necks to follow it in the Bibles which lay open on the laps of the regular members, including the lap of the bespectacled President. They clearly rejoiced in the impromptu prayer, not impromptu to him, which the President uttered for a sense of the permanence of Jesus' teaching in daily life. Later, at the regular service of worship in the church sanctuary, Mr. Edwards reworked the theme of the man with the palsy, resisting manfully the temptation to compare Mr. Carter to Jesus as a man who brought the power of God into the dealings of men. He did resist, and no one could have blamed him for being so tempted.

The Holy Places

If tourists represent a difficulty for the church, they also represent one for the town. Every day people flock in, and on weekends there are at least four thousand of them, engulfing the place with cars and wandering loudly up and down the brief sidewalk in front of the souvenir bins, or buying gas and collecting empty beer cans at Billy Carter's service station ("the Men's Club of Plains") across the road. Plains has no motels and no real restaurant, so visitors are obliged to go to the tourist strip outside the much larger town of Americus ten miles down the highway, which is no bad thing. The best pastime is a van tour of "Carter Country," meaning the family holy places, of which the most interesting is Jimmy's boyhood home in the hamlet of Archery three miles away. If you are lucky, your van will be driven by Rosalynn Carter's brother, Murray Smith, a high-school mathematics teacher and one of the town's more articulate oracles. He acknowledges that tourist pressure is threatening and says there is a plan to lay out a parking lot outside the town and bring people in by shuttle bus. He notes with

(Continues on page 401)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Downhill Race

On the Continent, as in Britain, a Left-Right battle is currently being waged over the schools. The situation varies from country to country, but it is worst in Germany.

Let us start with the truism that schools are by their very nature authoritarian. A teacher is not only older than his pupils, he is also supposed to impart knowledge to them—what's the point of their going to school if he doesn't?—and to do this effectively, he has to keep order. This obvious point is fully recognized east of the Iron Curtain, where pupils still wear uniforms and are subject to iron discipline.

But the socialist parties of the West, infected with New Left ideas, are heading in quite another direction. The New Left harks back to the young Marx, a sort of pre-Nietzschean who considered "alienation" to be man's worst lot. He wanted to free mankind from its various bondages and believed that, after the state had withered away and true Communism had emerged, everybody could freely develop his artistic and intellectual potential. As late as 1925, Leon Trotsky (in his *Literature and Revolution*) prophesied that in a Communist society the *average* man would have the wisdom and knowledge of an Aristotle, a Goethe, a Marx, and the exceptional man would reach undreamt-of summits.

Bourgeois Delendi Sunt

Of course, the Left sees that stage as far in the future, but meanwhile, something can be done, even in the West: the oppressive bourgeois ruling class can be destroyed; and a necessary first step is to allow children to grow up in an anti-authoritarian atmosphere. Some anti-authoritarian schools have already produced amazing results. From an eyewitness I heard the following story: In the Munich subway, a five-year-old boy sitting on his mother's lap kicks an old lady sitting opposite. When the woman protests, the mother explains that her child has had an anti-authoritarian upbringing. Whereupon a young man standing next to the mother spits in her face, explaining politely, "I too had an anti-authoritarian education." As a textbook for Catholic elementary schools explains, children should not obey their parents in everything: parents need criticism from time to time.

All this destruction of old values will, according to the progressive socialists, help to "build the new man." Already the anti-authoritarians have started to do battle against intellectual standards per se: one school of thought maintains, for example, that correct spelling and pronunciation are bourgeois prejudices designed to perpetuate a class society. (It must be remembered that German spelling is very easy in comparison with English.) Nobody should feel inferior, the argument runs, so the tendency is toward abolishing marks altogether.

The anti-authoritarians are also changing the face of secondary education. Upon leaving elementary school, at age ten, German children used to go either to a combined high school–college (*Gymnasium*), which had very rigorous standards, or to an intermediary school, which was more or less a dead-end. But now, in those *Länder* (Federal States) where the Social Democrats have a majority, they are trying to combine these two into a bastard institution known as the "cooperative school," similar to the British "comprehensive school" and American high school.

So too with the universities. University professors were once all-powerful, ruling their students absolutely, and unencumbered by much in the way of university administration above them. Adolf von Harnack, the famous theologian and Rector Magnificus of Humboldt University in the time of Wilhelm II, introduced an American professor to the Emperor with the following words: "Your Majesty, this is a professor coming from a monarchy within a republic and visiting republics within a monarchy." But the republics, now within a republic, are becoming democratized, and in certain *Länder* they are governed by a body composed of equal numbers of professors, professors' assistants, and student delegates.

In the old days (and this is still true in Austria) anyone who had graduated from a *Gymnasium* and was a citizen had the right to study at a university. But now, thanks to the rise in parental income and the drop in universities' standards, everyone is trying to enroll. There is not room for all, of course, so universities now limit the number of students admitted to each department, and this obviously causes anomalies: the crowded English department, say, is much harder to get into than the less popular Slavic department. A would-be medical student must have an A or B average. If his *Gymnasium* certificate does not come up to these requirements, he is put on a waiting list which may delay him for several years, giving him time to "reflect." This has led to fierce discussions among the *Länder* on the subject of marks. Northern Germany claims that Bavaria is too lenient, so that Bavarian students with magnificent averages—on paper—are swamping the northern universities. But the universities will not change their new admissions policies. How revolutionary all this is, an outsider can hardly grasp. Already there are charges of "unconstitutionality": the famous German *Lernfreiheit*, the freedom to study whatever one wants, has been curtailed.

Decline and Fall

Germany once had very high scholastic standards and great respect for men of learning. The lowering of quality in this domain has led to a general decline. To take just one example, I recently reviewed a book by a German author dealing with the Indian wars in the United States in the nineteenth century. The author referred to the Indian reservations as "the oldest ghettos in the world." He evidently believes the ghettos established by the Nazis in Poland after 1939 were the first of their kind. And his editors at perhaps the most prestigious publishing house in Germany not only did not notice the mistake, they used the phrase as a chapter heading. Just one instance, but it symbolizes the rate at which we are going downhill. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM NYC, FIRE-FIGHTING DIVISION

Local Law 5

DANIEL OLIVER

SOMETIMES the landlords of New York City's high-rise office buildings must get so angry at City bureaucrats that they want to burn down their own buildings out of spite. Trouble is, high-rise office buildings just don't burn that easily. But that hasn't stopped the City from imposing a draconian fire code—and therein lies another chapter in the collapse of New York City.

Once upon a time, back in the late nineteenth century, New York City had a series of spectacular fires out of whose ashes grew a stringent building code, which seems to have afforded the citizens remarkable protection. At least, following the adoption of the code, there have been very few deaths caused by fire in high-rise office buildings (buildings more than a hundred feet high—the distance fire-department ladders can reach). And most people assume—*post hoc ergo propter hoc*—that it is the building code that has been responsible.

Self-Criticism

After World War II new construction methods, materials, and designs began to be used—but buildings still seemed to be perfectly safe. Then in 1970 five people died in two fires in high-rise buildings, and the City fathers, led by Mayor John Lindsay, went on a binge of self-criticism. When they sobered up, they produced what is known as Local Law 5, a jumble of requirements that the real-estate industry says will be ineffective, irrelevant, enormously expensive, unfair—and probably unconstitutional. (Actually the politicians' criticism turned out not to be self-criticism, but criticism only of privately run buildings. The City announced it didn't intend to comply with Local Law 5.)

In fact, Local Law 5 promises to be sufficiently expensive to put a number of landlords out of business—as its companion piece, the rent-control law, already has—thereby further reducing the City's tax base. (The rent-control law rests—if you can believe it—on a finding that today, in 1977, there exists in the City a serious public emergency which was created "by war, the effects of war, and the aftermath of hostilities.")

Three of Local Law 5's not-to-be-believed provisions require landlords to install a system for pressurizing stairwells, install a complex electronic warning and communication system, and, by interpretation, conscript building tenants or their employees to serve as "fire wardens."

So what? Well, so the prescribed pressurized stairwell system has been shown not to work. So the provisions are a prohibitive expense to the financially hard-pressed building operators. And so the amateur fire wardens will be exposed to criminal and civil liability for imperfect performance of their duties.

Melvyn Kaufman, the leader in the fight against Local Law 5—and *bête noire* of Fire Commissioner John O'Hagan—owns and operates six high-rise buildings in the City. In one of them he installed the pressurizing system the law calls for at a cost of over $60,000. (The cost of the system can run to $150,000 per stairwell under the present law, and from $200,000 to $500,000 under the proposed amended requirements.) Expensive fans force air into the stairwell in order, in theory, to prevent smoke from seeping into it and hindering the evacuation of the occupants. Alas, when the system is on, it takes four people to open one of the fire doors. And if four or more doors are open the system may not work at all. If all the doors are open at once the system can backfire, bringing smoke into the stairwell.

No problem, says, in effect, Commissioner O'Hagan. New technology will have to be developed enabling one person to open a door. And the other problem can be solved by allowing only three floors, the one with the fire and the ones above and below it, to be evacuated at a time. Tenants on other floors can enjoy the towering inferno while awaiting their turn to get out of the building.

The electronic warning system, a complex device that would indicate the location of a fire, turn off selected air-conditioners, and serve as a two-way communicator for zillions of separate locations, would cost an estimated $150,000 to $750,000 per building. And, says Mr. Kaufman, might not work at all on the floor which has the fire. The insulation around wires tends to burn.

Local Law 5 would also require landlords to divide the buildings into compartments separated by walls constructed of fire-resistant materials. That would cost about half a million dollars per building. As an alternative, they would be allowed to install a sprinkler system in three and a half years (since extended to six years), at a cost of three to five dollars a square foot—probably not less than a million dollars per building.

There are some 873 high-rise buildings in New York City affected by Local Law 5, which means that the cost of complying with the law could range from $500 million to $1 billion.

Sure it's just money, but it's money the landords don't happen to have. And some City banks are on record as saying that they won't lend funds to builders for the purpose of complying with the law. But if the builders can't make the required alterations they may face criminal penalties. Of course, the City might seek to compel the banks to lend them money—but can it compel their depositors to deposit?

It's Not Just Money

Aside from the money issue—which, Kaufman claims, O'Hagan is quick to brush off with a comment about greedy landlords—there is also the problem faced by the tenants and their employees, who must act as fire wardens, if asked, or risk criminal penalties. If the building can't get someone to serve, the owner may be subject to prosecution for not complying with the law. If the person who does serve as a fire

(Continues on page 401)

Mr. Oliver, a Contributor of NATIONAL REVIEW, *practices law and the harpsichord.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fish or Cut Bait

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

DURING the last 15 years or so, believing Christians of many denominations have been shocked at the substantial number of prelates, theologians, biblical scholars, activists, and administrators in their respective churches who have rejected some or many basic traditional beliefs. Only one of two conclusions seems possible. Either: the foundations of belief hold no longer—and so, in fact, never held—and Christianity has been what its opponents have often called it, "just another human affair organized around some ancient fictions and superstitions." Or: those who have disagreed with and rejected the traditional beliefs are now Christian in name only and would be better off (and leave their churches better off) if they carried their business elsewhere. It seemed inevitable that someone would finally raise his voice to say precisely that; and now someone has.

True, the voice now raised does not belong to a modern Aquinas, a Catherine of Siena, or the Archangel Michael. In fact, it is the voice of Rudolf Augstein. The founder and longtime editor of the German magazine *Der Spiegel* is no scholar, no saint, and certainly no angel. In fact, on finishing his book *Jesus: Son of Man*, just about the only hope you have is that Augstein's ignorance is at least matched by his innocence. For that ignorance proves to be of the worst kind: the selective ignorance of one who, intent on creating a "media event," puts together in arbitrary order an assemblage of disproved theories, half-baked reports, one-sided interpretations, ill-digested facts, and ludicrous canards all worked up, as Augstein admits, by *Der Spiegel*'s researchers-for-hire. As much of this tired old stuff as possible is dressed in the tattered robe so often borrowed from our modern cult figure, St. Objectivity. And the whole is written up with the prior motive of proving that Jesus never existed or, if Augstein can't pull that one off, of convincing us at least that Jesus never saw himself as Redeemer and God-man.

Of course, his argument continues, *we* know that Christian authorities have *always* known full well that this is so. Yet, over the centuries, they have created a huge organization, enslaved millions in this deliberate myth, and profited from the credulity and trust of the less well informed. It is a sinister fact that Augstein can, at this point in his argument, quote at his convenience from those same disbelieving church leaders, who have lost their own faith in the mysteries of Jesus and, along with that, the honesty to say so. These are now the men marshaled to bear witness for Augstein as he drives home his main point.

LIKE THE beetle in the fable that skims over the rose beds, over the banks of daffodils and tulips, in order to plunge into the dunghill piled up against the garden wall and tell his world how smelly the garden is, Augstein sniffs out these leaders in all their disbelief in order to argue that *no one* in control of Christianity really believes in its doctrines and, so, that *all* are charlatans. "What I am probing is how the Christian Church dares to appeal to a Jesus who never existed, to teachings he never taught, . . . to a mandate he never issued." Shouldn't we exclude such charlatans as these Christians, he persists, from any influence in social and political life? Shouldn't they be forced to fish or cut bait? Indeed.

Many before Augstein have suggested that Christianity is merely outworn bunkum. And Christians need not bother about this, beyond asking Jesus to forgive Augstein even if he does know what he is doing. But Augstein's voice carries a loud, unmistakable message for those in the churches who certainly give life and voice to his strictures. And the alternative he poses for them—to fish or cut bait—is cast-iron.

Augstein's critique takes up 427 pages of text together with 82 pages of commentary and bibliography. But we can do justice to the impact of his alternative by citing his main stricture. For, as St. Paul wrote, "If Christ did not rise from the dead, our preaching is rubbish and so is your faith." Augstein summarizes well the widespread modern liberal view that, to paraphrase Hans Küng, we can believe in the "risen Christ" without believing at all that Jesus rose from the dead; that all we know about Jesus is what people *thought they knew* about Him some forty to sixty years after His disappearance; that we can never know anything accurately about Jesus—not even whether He ever really existed. One can heartily endorse Augstein's querulous complaint: "I can't for the life of me understand why it is suddenly of no consequence whether Jesus was really resurrected." For Augstein too is genuinely puzzled to see that this view has permeated the Christian churches and has been adopted not only by many biblical scholars and theologians but by ordinary priests and laymen as well. Even Augstein sees that if Christians no longer can know for certain that Jesus rose from the dead, then we *have all been living with deliberately created* "Jesus illusions." Christians, however, do have that certainty. They get it not from theologians, but from the Spirit of Jesus in His Church.

IT APPEARS unlikely that those who make Augstein's argument possible will either fish or cut bait: that they will either begin to listen again to the graceful inner sounds of faith; or that, comfortable and respected as they are in their church positions, they will willingly separate themselves from the faithful. More likely is it that they will continue to burrow away at the faith of ordinary folk, destroying their hope, tarnishing their devotion, drying up their trust in Jesus' salvation, spawning more Augsteins; until the winnowed churches, reduced in numbers but redoubled in strength, cut them off like death. For the truth is that Augstein, a Jesuit-educated, agnostic, fallen-away Catholic, is one of the "little ones" whom the usually gentle Jesus described as victims of the ill example set by those of whom He said angrily and uncompromisingly: "It were better that a millstone be tied around their necks and they be dropped into the sea." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zdravstvui, Fella!

The Russian Rockefellers
By Robert W. Tolf
Hoover, 269 pp., $14.95

JAMES BURNHAM

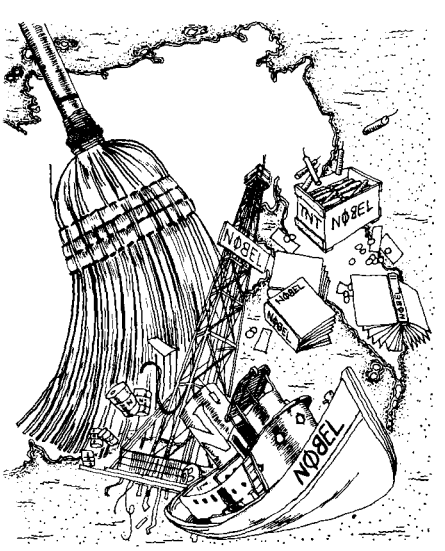
When I first looked at this book I assumed the title was one of those jazzed-up publisher's inventions that are supposed to pique the otherwise indifferent consumer. My assumption, I realized a little later, was sprung from vanity. I could not credit the possibility that there really had been a family dynasty in Russia comparable to the Rockefellers without my knowing something about it. Nevertheless, there was and I didn't.

Not that the family's name is obscure. Everyone knows it, but there are very few, and I was not among them, who associate it with activities of a Rockefellerish kind and scope. Mr. Tolf explains, among other things, why there is this blank in common knowledge.

The Russian Rockefellers (I don't mean to be coy about it) are the Nobel family—the Nobel Prize Nobels. What I and everyone know about the family is that a Swedish inventor and industrialist named Alfred Nobel invented dynamite, from which he made a lot of money, and in his will set up a foundation to award, each year when there were felt to be suitable recipients, a Peace Prize and sundry other prizes in literature, medicine, and the sciences.

What I have found out from Mr. Tolf is that Alfred Nobel's father, Immanuel, also an inventor and industrialist, emigrated in 1838 from Sweden to Russia, which latter nation became the family's home for eighty years thereafter. Immanuel and his descendants quickly rose into the upper ranks of Russian and then also international business. They began with explosives, underwater mines, machinery, and construction, and soon built a large-scale factory stretching back from their large and impressive house in St. Petersburg. They branched out into the manufacture of rifles, hydraulic presses, machine tools, ships, fireproof bricks, and a novel wheel and axle that proved able to endure Russian roads.

The Rockefeller analogies converged in 1873, when Immanuel's son and Alfred's brother, Robert Nobel, visited Baku. (Alfred, who set off his first experimental dynamite explosion in 1864, had shifted to Paris but continued in the family enterprise.) The region in and immediately around Baku was the richest oil field discovered in the world up to that time, but its development was still small-scale and primitive. Robert came, saw, and on the spot bought out the holdings of one of the operators. It took him a couple of years to bring along the rest of the family, but from that point the Nobel oil venture took off in rocket style. Within a few years the Nobel companies were bringing in dozens of huge gushers, building much bigger refineries (in the early days mostly for kerosene, there being no internal combustion engines) than had ever been built before, setting up regular tanker service across the Caspian and up the Volga into central and northern Russia, building tank cars and tank farms to handle oil throughout the railway network, joining to run a pipeline to the Black Sea, thrusting out into Europe and Asia, and alternating fierce competition and cartel deals with the Rockefellers' Standard Oil, the Rothschilds' oil companies, and Henri Deterding's Anglo-Dutch combine that evolved into Shell.



The Nobels built the first diesel tugboats (with diesel engines of their own design) and the first ocean-going oil tanker. At the turn of the century, Russia was supplying more than half the world's oil. In 1916 the Nobels owned or controlled a third of all Russian crude production and 40 per cent of refined, and supplied two-thirds of Russian domestic consumption. They had more than four hundred tank farms and depots, and the world's largest tanker fleet.

"Two years later," Tolf writes, "Emmanuel [Nobel, Immanuel's grandson] was fleeing the country disguised as a peasant, his two brothers were in a Cheka prison, the Nobel empire was a shambles, the ships halted, the refinery fires banked, the hundreds of wells filled with water, the factories in St. Petersburg closed down. For the next

M. E. Bradford *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. . . .* **Linda Bridges** *is* NR*'s Assistant Managing Editor. . . .* **Richard Brookhiser** *is a senior at Yale.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decade in exile . . . the Nobels fought to recover what had been seized by the Bolsheviks. But as the Soviets with Lenin's New Economic Policy [the detente of the Twenties] and with massive injections of Western aid . . . outmaneuvered their opponents . . . the Nobels gradually realized the futility of their position. The Russian Rockefellers became simply the Swedish Nobels, destined to fade away in the shadow of Alfred."

Our ignorance becomes no longer a mystery:

"Emmanuel died in 1932 and the company was finally dissolved in 1959. By that time the Soviets had obliterated all traces of Nobel and their works were forgotten. As the pre-revolutionary slate was wiped clean, the history of an entire industry was lost and with it the record of those who had led that industry, those who had done so much for the economic development of Russia. There is no room in Soviet texts for Nobel nor is there credit for industrial innovation before 1917. The standard Soviet work, *Development and Exploitation of Oil and Gas Fields*, does not mention the name Nobel or any of the Nobel contributions, but dismisses the entire pre-revolutionary period as one in which there was little technological advance. Similarly, and for the mass audience, the September 1972 issue of *Soviet Life* devoted to Trans-Caucasia ignores the subject by declaring that the area was 'largely agricultural before the Revolution.'" □

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM FEBRUARY: Janet Minihan's excellent book, *The Nationalization of Culture: The Development of State Subsidies to the Arts in Great Britain* (New York University, $15), describes the process whereby popular perception of the utility of the arts to business and to social advancement led to the subsidization of those arts, formerly ministered to and nourished by the aristocracy.

■ LEFT OVER FROM MARCH: Kandy Stroud, formerly *Women's Wear Daily*'s Washington correspondent and currently a freelance writer, has written a book called *How Jimmy Won: The Victory Campaign from Plains to the White House* (Morrow, $10.95). . . . In *The First Three Minutes: A Modern View of the Origin of the Universe* (Basic, $8.95), Steven Weinberg describes the "standard model," or "Big Bang," theory of the universe. "In the beginning there was an explosion. Not an explosion like those familiar on earth, starting from a definite center and spreading out to engulf more and more of the circumambient air, but an explosion which occurred simultaneously everywhere, filling all space from the beginning, with every particle of matter rushing apart from every other particle. 'All space' in this context may mean either all of an infinite universe, or all of a finite universe, which curves back on itself like the surface of a sphere."

■ SOME APRIL TITLES: *Anthony Eden* (St. Martin's, $8.95) by Sidney Aster is a new biography of the recently deceased ex-Foreign Secretary whose career unfortunately culminated in the Suez catastrophe in 1956, and whom Mussolini once described as "the best-dressed fool in Europe." . . . Paul Tillich's *The Socialist Decision* (Harper, $10.95), translated by Franklin Sherman and with an introduction by John R. Stumme, is now available for the first time in English. The book, which invited Germans to a "religious socialist" alternative, was first published in Germany in 1933. . . . Yehudi Menuhin, the violinist, comes forward with his memoirs: *Unfinished Journey* (Knopf, $12.50). Like many musicians and composers, he writes very nicely. . . . In his book, *In the People's Republic* (Random House, $8.95), Orville Schell describes Red China as "a land of possibility, but not variety." The existence of litterbugs in the Republic, Schell believes, is a refreshing sign that the Communist Chinese do indeed have a few human weaknesses.

The End of Education
By Geoffrey Wagner
Barnes, 252 pp., $8.95

THROW THEM A BONE

JEFFREY HART

What horrendous sin, the reader wonders, did Geoffrey Wagner commit to deserve such a stiff sentence on one of the lower slopes of Purgatory? A friend and I used to devise, by way of amusement, appropriate purgatorial prescriptions. F. R. Leavis, for example, should spend several centuries in a closed room containing a loudspeaker, over which, again and again, would be read the complete works of Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, and Clive Bell, plus Flaubert in the French. Geoffrey Wagner's actual experience at the City College of New York makes these sadistic imaginings seem positively benign.

His useful book begins with a brief vision of lost bliss, the author's undergraduate experience amid the dreaming spires of Oxford. There, physical existence was Spartan, but the number of students was small, the life of the mind cherished, and the traditional curriculum pursued for its own sake, the whole experience issuing obliquely in a developed mind. But the book quickly sinks into a nightmare that is positively Dantean, an educator's purgatorial experience at City College, which like Purgatory itself operates under a policy of Open Admissions.

In this tormenting vision, however, the people are real, and nightmare occurs in the form of history: nutty deans, demagogic college presidents, an ideology-crazed faculty, courses in comic books or rock music, students shooting dope or carrying grenades, rape, mayhem, slogans, fist-fights, wreckage. *Oh dreaming spires, spreading thy gardens to the moonlight.* (Geoffrey Wagner, your sins must be scarlet indeed to deserve this sentence —and I notice that you have translated both Baudelaire and Gérard de Nerval.)

Let us, reader, peek briefly into this abyss from which no educator could emerge untransformed: "When was the last time Fred Hechinger and his colleagues on the *New York Times* who write so knowingly of higher education sat in a classroom like the one assigned to me today, overcrowded, overheated, an admitted fire hazard, its chairs trashed, obscenities scrawled on the walls, stuck with gum and littered with butts, junkies drowsing blearily at the back, a few girls morosely chewing gum, buffing their nails, and yawning over the *Daily News*, while in front the professor tries 'irrelevantly' to recite that revolutionary called Shelley in competition with two airplanes droning overhead, a drill tearing up the sidewalk outside, and two or three transistors blaring in that 'open corridor' education advocated so earnestly by Professor Neil Postman of New York University." Groping his way through this nightmare world, Wagner rises to tell us all, and like Lazarus back from the dead he has plenty to say.

The chaos in the curriculum reflects the intellectually invertebrate culture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside the university. No one knows what the liberal arts are supposed to do, so no central conception shapes and disciplines the curriculum. Farcically, semi-literate students are supposed to be "liberated" by this charade. So deeply has a shrugging relativism bitten that Chaucer and Shakespeare give way to courses in Captain Midnight. You can practically major in Alienation. One professor sardonically proposed Junior Year in Jail, for credit. Maybe he wasn't joking.

Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the author succumbs to a sense of futility and disgust. It is surely fantastic "to require a professor of higher education, like the author, to spend six years of his life getting a PhD and then pay him over $30,000 of the taxpayers' money a year in order to pick up the darts made out of his course schedules, wake up the sleeping beauties in the back row, close the covers of comic books that other residents are reading, refer the openly bellicose to guidance counselors, and finally collect the blue books on which have been scrawled, under the space for the teacher's name (which name had been written on the board), Professor Whitey or Professor Kraut."

THOUGH THERE are lonely holdouts, much of the liberal arts faculty connives in its own intellectual destruction. "The observance of Malcolm X Day is decreed by liberal administrators against whose kind Malcolm himself railed incessantly, before he was wiped out by even more extremist blacks. . . . His writings are an anthology of insults. Even Fanon is less fatuous." In this environment, grades of course inflate—a way of bribing the restless and grunting barbarians. Thow them a bone, and get the hell out.

It is one of the strengths of Wagner's book that it shows how all this has gone forward under the auspices of "progressive" and "enlightened" politicians, the sort of people—e.g., John Lindsay—who turn up in evening clothes at Great Cultural Events, things at the Metropolitan Museum, the New York Public Library, Lincoln and Kennedy Centers, and the Museum of Modern Art. What these people have destroyed, apparently utterly, is one of the great resources of the urban middle class in New York. I think it is clear that here as elsewhere in the City the liberal elite, sensing the wolves near at hand, simply threw the middle class out of the sleigh, and then went on to assorted cultural delights. Geoffrey Wagner makes it clear enough that the future of higher education at public expense in New York City is very dim, probably a write-off. One suspects that gorgeous liberals of the Lindsay sort knew this, and could not now care less.

Nevertheless, Mr. Wagner's title is a bit sweeping: *The End of Education*. Of course, education is a struggle everywhere. Still, at my own institution—

Dartmouth—I find that there are genuine signs of hope. The students are often serious and sometimes well-read. A proposal of mine, recently broached, to design a required course in the great Western books has met with a very favorable response. (Though relativism remains; e.g., one professor: "What is a great book? I don't know. Just make sure that mine is on the list.")

Get out, Geoffrey Wagner! Your particular ship, betrayed by its commanders, has struck an iceberg. The waters are rising, and they are ice-cold. □

The GIMLET EYE

212–686-3061

D. KEITH MANO

Red pills, baubles. They mention sleep. The bottle is on my desk. Fat things: succulent: full of that peculiar shiftlessness, death. It's the one excusable indolence I know. Off and on, when paragraphs won't form, when there are too many long *a* sounds in them, too many -ed endings, off and on I conspire with that child-proof cap. CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE, DANGEROUS. Oh, it'd be unemphatic, a household act; like cigarettes lit or watches looked at. Small, habitual: if something done just once can be called habitual. At last, while part after part of my body went down, each LED indicator dim and out, I'd first-draft a suicide note. And—what else?—the paragraph would have too many long *a* sounds, too many -ed endings in it.

Then perhaps I'd dial 212–686-3061.

"We know when the telephone receiver hangs loose. We hear it thump." H. Leslie Christie is executive director of the Help Line Center. "I guess pills would be most frequent, wrist-cutting second. Then the gun. If they've already ingested the pills, then you know you've got limited time. You work a little more toward being directive rather than non-directive. You ask, 'Is the door unlocked? Is someone in the next apartment?' You try to find the location. A street address isn't enough. In this city there can be hundreds of people in an apartment building. Police can't go door-to-door through 27 stories. The call is usually a cry for help, even if they deny it. Though now and then they just want to talk to somebody while they're dying."

YOU MIGHT say he's "in" crisis: as others are "in" haberdashery or petroleum. Help Line is efficient, serious. I could tell from all the glass partitions. This is mass-market technique. It has to be. Gross sales, metaphorically speaking, are high: 40,000-plus telephone interviews per annum. There's a Language Bank: volunteer translators can be quickly patched into any call. The CheeRing partition will turn out four or five thousand telephone visits to shut-in people each year. And deafness doesn't disqualify: a communication system that uses teletype equipment has been developed. Even despair can have its headings and sub-headings on the organizational chart. America.

"We've been in operation since 1970. The financing is mostly private contributors. The legal, fiscal sponsorship is in two organizations presided over by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale: Marble Collegiate Church and the Foundation for Christian Living. We're part of a national network of centers known as Contact, U.S.A. There are 75 certified centers in the country. Each is autonomous but affiliated. People call our number from all over. We don't accept collect calls, though. We had a collect call from Tokyo once." Christie smiles. "We didn't accept. We didn't feel we were needed quite that much.

"No one goes on that line until they've completed and satisfied the requirements of our three-month training

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course. We have an extensive referral directory. They have to know how to use it. We also provide extensive training in what we call interviewing skills. About two hundred volunteers are involved in the Help Line operation. We want volunteers who have a wholesome, positive view of life and are on the upbeat. People who call a crisis line, they've had it already, they don't need to hear someone say, 'You think *you* have problems?' They want to be lifted up, not put down."

Winifred—first name only—has soloed 2,500 phone hours. "Slack time is after 4 P.M., from 4 to 6:30. We used to think we had it pinned down that on beautiful days you got fewer calls. Then I was here two Tuesdays when no one should've gone out and there were very few calls. The amount of people with abortion and drug problems has dropped considerably. The elderly people are most disturbing to me. Some of these people are trapped in their apartments. Literally. They're afraid to go out. I don't take it home with me. Normally there's no way to check up on these people unless they call again and you happen to get the call. But the chances are slim."

It's got to be like rooming with a manic depressive. Christie knows this. "We instruct our people: they're not advice-givers. They can refer callers to our counseling staff, but Help Line doesn't see anyone. We feel that the person who has the problem has also to maintain the problem. We can't take the problem away from anybody. We keep the responsibility on them. If you're beating your head against the wall all the time saying, If only I could be there, do something—that can become very destructive for our people."

An impulse riding in wire. We are put through. Telephone calls represent the paradigmatic human negotiation: abstract, intellectual; two privacies laminated one against another, not a relationship. No wonder we are all so aware of body smell. It's irregular; it surprises. Men are distinguished from animals not just by the symbol–tool facility, but also by our standoffish flesh. This is a recording . . . The voice has plenipotentiary force. Though impotent, it can be obscene.

The terrific aloofness of men has damaged them: energies, ghosts already without death; seven digits, me, in a seven-digit civilization. Yet, for that reason, there are therapeutic virtues. "We think the conversation moves more rapidly than in a face-to-face counseling situation. The caller is in absolute control. He can hang up any time. Yet there is a certain intimacy. People will confide under these circumstances what they would never confide face-to-face." Freud was twenty when Bell called Mr. Watson upstairs. Psychoanalysis is voices. Freud had caught on: he sat out of view behind the couch. You might say he phoned his presence in. (His epigones, ever since, have been charging what it would cost long-distance to Vienna.) The body lay supine and disabled; the voice was surrogate. Self is told in message units. And is not whole. □

ON THE SCREEN

HIP PURITANISM

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Remaking old movies is a tricky business. The new *King Kong*, for instance, was hamstrung by its own self-consciousness: it couldn't make up its mind whether to be coyly allusive to the old version or to take itself seriously with self-justifying messages about greed and exploitation. What was missing was the simple innocence of the original *Kong*, which was content to tell a story.

I can't say confidently that *Slap Shot* is a conscious remake of an earlier film, but there is a suspicious resemblance. If *Slap Shot* was deliberately based on Walt Disney's *The Absent-Minded Professor*, it chose its model wisely and departed from it in detail, for the most part, imprudently. *Professor* was about a small college in dire financial straits whose problems are aggravated by a floundering basketball team. Enter the absent-minded chemistry prof (Fred MacMurray), who inadvertently invents a new substance, to wit Flubber (short for Flying Rubber), of incredible resilience. He coats the soles of the basketball team's shoes with the stuff, they jump twenty feet high, and their subsequent triumphs help save the college. It was an unabashedly silly fantasy, and screamingly funny if you dared laugh at such stuff.

When it sticks to farce, *Slap Shot* is equally funny. The story concerns a bush-league hockey team that is losing games and money, and instead of Fred MacMurray it is Paul Newman, as the aging, engaging player-coach, who comes up with the solution. We all *talk* dirty, he reasons, so why not *play* dirty? This brainstorm at once converts the Charlestown Chiefs into winners. Dirty hockey . . . why hadn't anyone thought of that before?

The team has just been joined by three goofy, goggled rookies—brothers—who embarrass their older teammates with their gung-ho eagerness and their childish pleasures: while the old pros are boozing and wenching abroad, they remain in their hotel room playing with toy racing cars. But on the ice, ah! On the ice they are not only proficient but homicidal. The sequence in which they obligingly obey the lawless Newman is a riot of hooking, cross-checking, high-sticking, and general foul play which, for all its violence, is as silly as the first Flubber sequence in the Disney film, and as hard to resist. Mayhem is etherealized into slapstick, horror into hilarity.

Unfortunately, *Slap Shot* isn't altogether fun. "I tried to show," scriptwriter Nancy Dowd primly explains, "that the level of violence we have in our entertainment is the thing that prevents people, especially men, from growing up." Miss Dowd, whom *Newsweek* credits with having written "the most foul-mouthed movie of all time," gives unpleasant signs of being of that insufferable species, the hip puritan. Her command of locker-room patois is full and accurate, though she tries too hard and too often to extort guffaws with it. Where she really goes wrong is in using it as a moral touchstone: all the characters who are affronted by vulgarity—and it is intended *as* vulgarity—are unsympathetic: stuffy, priggish, inhuman. In one of the film's key scenes, Newman goes to the young

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Please Play This Card For Us...

Rrrrip

out the card facing this page, and introduce a friend to National Review...

(you'll be doing them, and us!, a favor)

Frankly, you couldn't pick a better time to help out. NR *needs* new subscribers right now (and it's the perfect time for us to make new friends). We also know from experience that the only way we're ever going to reach them in sufficient quantity is through you, our loyal readers. For we don't know who these potential subscribers are. But *you* do, and that's where you can help us. Just use the card opposite this page to introduce some friend or relative to *National Review* (an especially good idea for any students you know). It's a gift that will be appreciated as both thoughtful and timely (they'll also appreciate getting that "other" side of the news that only NR brings you). So do it now. Introduce someone you know to *National Review* today (10 big issues, only $7.50).

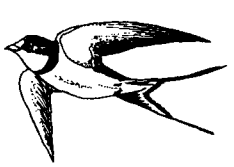
If you are not already a subscriber here is your opportunity to start getting NR, delivered right to your door, for the same introductory rate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

widow who owns the team and asks her whether, in view of its winning record, she still plans to fold it at season's end. She does, for tax reasons; besides, she doesn't care about hockey, and has never even let her little boy watch a game on television. Newman spits obscenities at her; heads for the door; then turns, and tells her that her son looks like a "fag" who will soon have somebody's you-know-what in his mouth. (This is a sharp departure from the Disney film.)

Newsweek's critic applauds all this: "Paul Newman is a lousy coach and a lecher, but he's a good man: his shocked, scatalogical [*sic*] response when the rich bitch kills the team—the single most profane sentence ever uttered by a major American actor—is a triumph of moral humanity over cash-register frigidity." Now *Newsweek* is not usually thought of as being the headquarters of the *mot juste* ("scatalogical" combines misspelling and malapropism), but "profane" is exactly the right word. Not for the sentence Newman speaks, but for what it does. It desecrates. That is the prevalent impulse in American films right now: profanation, usually justified with some cant about Our Hypocritical Society.

The odd thing is that Miss Dowd has capitalized on, and played to, the misogyny implicit in this habit. Hollywood has been putting out more and more films filled with words you didn't use to say in the presence of ladies, and it tries increasingly to milk drama and harsh comedy out of their utterance *to* ladies (or effeminate surrogates, including the polite public: cf. *Lenny* and *Network*). The trend to soft porn, with its tendency away from romanticizing or individualizing women, is naturally accompanied by assaults, physical and verbal, on women—as in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* and, now, *Slap Shot*.



Perhaps Miss Dowd didn't intend Newman's outburst to be played sympathetically (though I doubt it). It certainly doesn't accord well with her strictures against Violence and Our Childish Obsession with Sports—on which the film's last comment is the final departure of Newman's estranged wife, even at the moment of his final athletic triumph. The several morals are left hanging dubiously, perhaps because director George Roy Hill has the good sense to know that violence is the best thing *in* the film and plays each moment strictly for immediate effect. Fred MacMurray took a lot of henpecking, but then he not only got the girl but kept her. I'm not sure whether that fact constitutes a moral, but it's a lot more pregnant than anything Miss Dowd tells us. □

THEATER

TRADITION! (TRADITION?)

LINDA BRIDGES

The surprising thing about *Fiddler on the Roof* is not that it is 12 years old, but that it is only 12 years old. It has become part of our theatrical landscape, with its Sholom Aleichem characters, its magnificent Jerome Robbins choreography, and the glorious pastiche of its music: the tunes are a mixture of standard musical comedy and Eastern European/Middle Eastern folk, but the way they are put together, as at the end of the opening number, "Tradition," often lies somewhere between Donizetti and Gilbert & Sullivan.

This profusion of musical styles is one reason why *Fiddler* (currently in a limited-engagement Broadway revival) is so difficult to cast perfectly; another is the way the songs are distributed. In *My Fair Lady*, say, or *Camelot*, the songs that require trained voices are divided up between the chorus and two or three of the leads; the other songs are explicitly for non-singers. But *Fiddler*, while it isn't *de la grande musique*, is nonetheless mostly music: Henry Higgins is *supposed* to speak his songs; if Yente the Matchmaker does, it is inappropriate and distracting. The producers thus had to make a choice, and they seem to have plumped for acting, and let the singing fall where it may. Not that it's all bad; on the contrary, what's striking is the wide range of qualities: from those, who shall be nameless, who have had enough voice training to make them loud but not enough to make them good; to Jeff Keller as Perchik, who is very good indeed; to Zero Mostel as Tevye, who hasn't much of a voice any more but is a serious musician and can manage even the demanding cantorial mode.

Tevye is—by force of character, for he is neither rich nor of a prominent family—a leading citizen of the Jewish village of Anatevka. The play follows him through the marriages, each more unsuitable than the last, of his three elder daughters; and his domestic troubles are echoed by the Russian authorities' increasing harshness toward Anatevka (for this is the Ukraine in 1905), proceeding from routine harassment through vandalism—"a little unofficial demonstration," as the constable puts it—to the exiling of the Jews.

As Tevye is the center of Anatevka, so is he the emotional center of the play. The other Tevyes I have seen have been both more dignified and more sentimental than Zero Mostel's: his character is himself an immense actor. Like a sort of Jewish Lucky Jim, he can let no event go by without an elaborate mimed aside to the audience and/or to God, with Whom he has frequent conversations (we hear only Tevye's side, like being in the room when someone is making a phone call, but it is not difficult to deduce the answers). If his wife calls him, for example, which she does frequently and stridently, before he replies he must go through a sequence of gabbling, bugging out his eyes, flapping his arms, pantomimes of strangling her and cutting his own throat.

TOTALLY HILARIOUS—but, if this is how he reacts to Golde's daily nagging, what reaction can approach being adequate when something serious goes wrong? What can Tevye possibly do when the Russians stage their "unofficial demonstration" on the night of his eldest daughter's wedding? What he does is come downstage center and stand perfectly still, looking up to God. In the same way, his two elder daughters' revolutionary announcements that they have chosen husbands for themselves are greeted by rage and indecision, Talmudic weighings of on the one hand but on the other hand, and "What am I going to tell Golde?" But when he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learns that his third daughter has married a Gentile—which means that she herself has abandoned the Jewish faith—Tevye is left crumpled, immobile, nearly broken. And that's a very acute, and very moving, psychological insight: comic self-dramatization is an engaging way of preserving the sanity against routine disruptions. But against a disruption that consists of two unacceptable alternatives, it would be ineffective, virtually grotesque.

Fiddler is not, Heaven knows, Theater of Ideas, but nonetheless it has some ideas, or at any rate some questions, about those two alternatives, about tradition in a changing world. Tevye, as narrator/spokesman, begins by presenting tradition as comfortable, aesthetically pleasing, often irrational ("You may ask, How did this tradition get started? I'll tell you: I don't know"), and essential for survival. But when his eldest daughter, Tzeitel, refuses to marry the elderly, rich, unattractive widower with whom the traditional match has been made, Tevye, in conference with God, decides that the fabric of tradition can take some stretching—after all, "even our old traditions were new once."

Nor is Tevye's tolerance confined to his own family. In the tavern, as the Jews are celebrating Tzeitel's short-lived betrothal to the old butcher, one of the young Russians who have joined unbidden in the celebration invites Tevye to join their dance. Tevye, not wanting to hurt his feelings, gingerly steps out onto the floor. "Tevye! What are you doing?" exclaims another Jew. "I'm dancing with a Gentile," he says with a self-amazed shrug. But when another friendly young Gentile marries Tevye's daughter Chava: "No! If I try to bend that far I will break."

Where must tradition give way to tolerance? How far can tolerance go without undermining tradition? The play remains ambivalent. On the one hand, to go so far and no further is in a way unfair to the ones left on the wrong side of the line; one feels this the more strongly for Chava and her husband, who choose to be exiled when Anatevka's Jews are forced out of Russia, although as Christians they could have stayed. On the other hand, the cohesion and balance that a strictly observed tradition gives—be it the "life-is-with-people" of the *shtetl* or the class structure of a Trollopian English village—can be achieved no other way: "Because of our traditions, everyone here knows who he is and what God expects him to do." One need only look at present-day England, let alone present-day Eastern Europe, to see how much has been lost. Sometimes, as Tevye says, "there is no other hand." □

DELECTATIONS

CALIFORNIA OR BUST

NIKA HAZELTON

Early last month, hearings were held in Washington which may well lead to an enormous change in the quality of American wines. The hearings were part of the BATF's (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms) debate on strengthening the U.S. regulations and standards on wine; as I write, the results of that debate are not yet known.

Before elaborating, I should remind you that America's classification system begins by dividing wines into two uniquely American categories. The first comprises *generic wines*—Burgundy, Chablis, etc. These are blended wines that allegedly have something of the character of the foreign wine they imitate. Some are good, some poor; but they are not the ones in question here. The wines that are being debated belong to the second category, *varietal wines*. These are wines that are made mostly—i.e., at least 51 per cent—from the grape whose name they bear. Though the quality California producers make varietal wines that contain a much higher proportion of the particular grape—75, 80, 90, even 100 per cent—practically everybody has encountered bottles labeled, say, Cabernet Sauvignon that offer but a vague whiff of the Cabernet Sauvignon grape. (However, you do have to remember that the percentage of the namesake grape in a varietal wine guarantees neither the quality of the grape that went into it nor the integrity of the process by which the wine was made.)

Invariably, the California wine industry (I will speak only of it here, since more than 80 per cent of the wine made in America comes from California) is compared to the French and even German industries, which are regulated by strict appellation laws specifying yield of acreage, origin, and so forth. Compared to them, American wine regulations, both federal and state, are very loose. But the American—and especially the California—wine industry cannot be compared to its European counterparts. For example, many of the California vineyards contain thousands of acres, whereas those of Burgundy and the Rhine, let us say, are often handkerchief-size. The better European wines come from vineyards near the winery, but in California the grapes may travel a good distance: grapes from the Monterey Peninsula are vinified as far away as the Napa Valley. Finally, American winemakers resurrected an industry that had died with Prohibition, and they could not have done this if they had been bound by the century-old regulations that govern European winemaking.

However there have been great changes in the California wine industry during the last ten years. The increasing sophistication of wine drinkers; the enormous and often speculative plantings of quality grapes (an attempt to cash in on the very high prices for Chardonnay, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Johannesberg Riesling, etc.); improved technology and greater knowledge, especially among the medium and small producers—these have given a quality to California wine it did not possess before.

As the California wine industry comes of age, its vintners are realizing that stricter standards are necessary in order to ensure them a place among the world's finer wines, where the competition is murderous. And they are not alone; the Food and Drug Administration, partly spurred by consumerism,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has or had its own ideas on the subject. For example, there is the question of listing on the label each ingredient that goes into the wine, under the new act that deals with such matters. (Much as I am on the side of those who wish to know every single ingredient in the food they put into their mouths, I believe that wines are unsuited to this kind of labeling. Fermentation, vinification, aging, and bottling all change the wine and transmogrify most of its ingredients.)

AMONG THOSE pushing for higher federal standards is the spokesman for the California wine industry: the California Wine Institute. The Wine Institute has had a long and sometimes controversial history; it now represents 86 per cent of the industry, but it has often been accused of being the tool of the large wineries such as Gallo (which, incidentally, largely supported it, since fees were levied according to gallonage). Nevertheless, the California Wine Institute has played a part in the popularization of wine in America that is not to be underestimated. The Institute, through its chairman, John De Luca (an extremely interesting and cultivated man, a professor and vice mayor of San Francisco), has made several useful contributions to the current debate. One of its proposals is to raise the 51 per cent minimum varietal content now required by federal law to 75 per cent; another would require that wines bearing a vineyard designation be pressed from grapes 95 per cent of which are grown in that vineyard, and that vintage wines be made from grapes 95 per cent of which are grown in the year listed on the label. The Wine Institute also recommends that a label bearing the word "vineyard" be required to include either a trademark designation or the word "brand," except in cases where "vineyard" is used to designate a qualified growing area. Whether these major points, and others, will become law is uncertain. But the fact that the California wine industry wishes to promote more rigorous standards is in itself heartening.

Heartening too is the interest California vintners are starting to take in their grapes. At last it has dawned upon them that grape vines are partial to particular locations and climates, a fact that has always been obvious to everybody except, apparently, California vintners. Now they have become preoccupied with such factors as soil, drainage, climate, and microclimate. In Napa, there is talk of specific valley and even vineyard designations, as there is in Monterey, Mendocino, and many other counties, especially on the North Coast. The University of California at Davis, which is visited by specialists from all over the world who are eager to observe its work in viticulture and vinification, is paying greater attention to the growing of the noble grapes and turning away somewhat from its concern with developing hybrids suited to the hotter climates of the state. (Not that these latter efforts are to be underestimated. Some of the Davis hybrids, such as Ruby Cabernet, make very drinkable wines.)

In fact, much of the general improvement in the quality of California wines is due to the availability of quality grapes. Grape prices have fallen drastically during recent years, but the quality grapes are still there and have to be disposed of—very frequently to the wineries of large-scale producers, such as Gallo. It all is very encouraging and, specifically, encourages us to hope that eventually we may even enjoy lower prices at the wine shop. □

LITERATI

Kontinent
Edited by Vladimir E. Maximov
Anchor Press/Doubleday,
216 pp., $3.95

WHISTLING LIKE OUTLAWS

RICHARD BROOKHISER

For thirty years, half of Europe has been a cultural Atlantis. The nations which produced Mendeleyev and Mandelstam, Bartok and Kafka, have been submerged in an ocean of torture, censorship, and state-imposed orthodoxies, and whatever genuine thought survived has been forced to undergo strange seachanges. Clandestine seminars, convened in apartments, have taken the place of universities; private exhibitions, broken up by police, have replaced galleries and studios; typewriters and carbon paper perform the functions of publishing houses and magazines. Even these meager activities are subject to the whim of the state. At times, the rulers go through spells of leniency (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was actually published in the Soviet Union, though the printing was stopped abruptly); at times, they exercise total suppression. Their measures have not been completely successful—they haven't had to be. Eastern Europe's dissident culture has not been destroyed; but isolation, ignorance, and parochialism have warped and stifled it.

Two years ago, Vladimir Maramzin, Viktor Nekrasov, and Yevgeny Turmofsky founded a journal with the goal of raising Atlantis—of offering its inhabitants a breath of air, a piece of dry land on which to reconstruct their ravaged intellectual and spiritual life. Appropriately enough, they named the journal *Kontinent*. This collection of pieces from its first two volumes represents the first English-language edition.

Kontinent's editors have not eschewed polemics—this installment contains an interview with Tito's ex-comrade Milovan Djilas and an article by Czech chess master Ludek Pachman, both sharply critical of Communism's failures. Djilas, now living in semi-disgrace in Belgrade, writes off Communism as an exhausted and outworn faith. Pachman, a Party member and, until 1967, a media functionary, is even more explicit: "In August 1968, the Soviet tanks destroyed not only our country's newborn sovereignty and dignity . . . but also, it would seem, the Communist movement's last historical chance—after all its record of distortions and crimes—to play a progressive role somehow, somewhere." But the predominating thrust of the magazine remains cultural. It is an act of rebuilding, not agitation. Hence its promise—and its difficulties.

Just how much rebuilding needs to be done is made plain by some of the contributions to this volume. Aleksandr Piatigorsky, in "Remarks on the 'Metaphysical Situation,'" cheerfully admits that none of the ideas currently blossoming (surreptitiously, of course) in the Soviet Union are "really important." *Kontinent*'s literature, oddly enough, seems equally undistinguished. It is better than anything in *The New Yorker*; but one somehow expects more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of refugees from hell. Perhaps it is this very expectation, shared by the writers themselves, which vitiates their work. Vladimir Maramzin cannot seem to make up his mind whether his touching "Story of the Marriage of Ivan Petrovich" is about Ivan Petrovich or Young Men in the Soviet Union; while the poet Aleksandr Galich succeeds only when he ignores the contemporary situation altogether and loses himself in reminiscence.

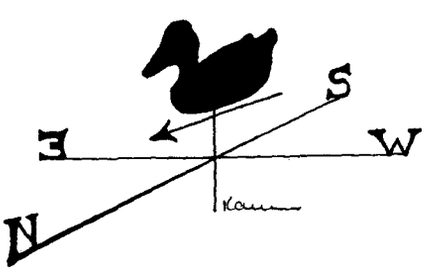
But the horses? Those winged horses
That strain from their stone
pedestals,
The hunters whistling like
outlaws . . .
Yuletide holidays? Fringe of a
headscarf
Falling warm on a woman's breast?

This spiritual hobbling—this hesitation between two worlds—is the most enduring legacy of Communism, and perhaps its most deadly. A man may renounce Communism in his soul, and escape the reach of its police: but it will continue to haunt his mind, demanding explanations, rebuttals, refutations. This is what gives so many émigrés the appearance of men arguing in phone booths. Their interlocutor is invisible, perhaps even dead; but still they move their mouths and wave their arms.

THE EDITORS of *Kontinent* are not unaware of the problem. Andrei Sinyavsky offers a shrewd diagnosis in "The Literary Process in Russia"; "Russian writers," he says, "have fallen in love with their own unfreedom. . . . Why take as the yardstick of your own value something which you find worthless? How can you define yourself in relation to a negative? We shall never break away from 'realism–Communism' if we are constantly glancing back at those words." Sinyavsky does not advocate quietism as an alternative. He spent six years as a loader in a "strict regime" camp; he knows the awfulness of the system he has escaped. But the struggle to overthrow it must not be confused with the struggle to construct a spiritual replacement—else both struggles will fail. "All this promising, liberated literature will again be reduced to a recital of the torments we suffer . . . and it will begin all over again: 'liberation movement,' 'naturalist school,' 'realist school,' and as the natural culmination . . . 'Party literature' with writers, in Lenin's words, acting as 'screws and cogwheels' in the 'common proletarian cause.' "

Other contributors make the same point. Nothing in a totalitarian society can be completely apolitical, of course; any independent art or philosophy, no matter how disinterested, represents a threat to the regime, and conflict must ensue. But what distinguishes cultural rebels from political ones (and what makes them finally more devastating) is their refusal to fight the enemy on his own terms. Thus Piatigorsky warns against philosophy "colored by expediency"; and Igor Golomshtok, reviewing a 1974 exhibition of Moscow underground artists in Grenoble, notes approvingly that "this art summons no one [and] leads nowhere in particular."

But *Kontinent*'s most impressive example of refusing to fight the enemy on his own terms is the Sakharov–Solzhenitsyn debate. Nothing, at first, would seem to be more mired in the political. In September 1973, Solzhenitsyn released his "Letter to the Soviet Leaders"; six months later, Sakharov suggested some modifications, and Solzhenitsyn responded. Add Margaret Mead and you have a "Rap on Communism." But Communism, a closer reading reveals, is only a pretext. What the two Nobel Prize winners are actually engaged in is a discussion of political philosophy. They argue the efficacy of democracy, the importance of nations, and the role of ideology—yet not once do they stoop to trading arguments



with the oppressors for whom they have such obvious contempt. The obtuse German Hegelian Marx and his third-rate exegetes might never have written a line. Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov speak, not to the barbarians, but to the Western tradition.

Communist nations are not the only ones in which this tradition is threatened; and *Kontinent* may also help salvage it for—us. Certainly the most despairing piece in the volume is a letter to the editor from Eugene Ionesco. "We don't care much for ourselves," he says of the free world. "To love another as we love ourselves means to hate him." Of course Ionesco suffers from his own private malaises; but his artistic expressions of these malaises have been popular enough, for the last quarter-century, to suggest that numbers of others in the West suffer from them as well. What *Kontinent* has to offer the West are the experiences of its authors in transcending suffering. Or as Pachman almost casually observes: "Hard times sometimes help individuals to find their way." It is a statement which will sound trite only to those who have never found theirs. From the evidence of this volume, most of *Kontinent*'s contributors do seem to have found their way out of Atlantis. □

The Possibilities of Order: Cleanth Brooks and His Work
Edited by Lewis P. Simpson
Louisiana State University Press, 254 pp., $12.50

LO! AND BEHOLD!

M. E. BRADFORD

With the publication of *Understanding Poetry*, the teaching of literature in the American college and university was forever changed. Its year of publication, 1938, marked an aesthetic and critical watershed. And since that time there has been no question concerning the importance of Cleanth Brooks. For with this singular pedagogical performance (and the career which has sustained its influence) Professor Brooks and his co-author—the novelist, poet, and critic Robert Penn Warren—converted the moderate formalism of what we refer to as "New Criticism" into a dogma of the schools.

The familiar label is, of course, a misnomer. For as Father Walter J. Ong insists, it was "the first really adequate criticism" that Brooks and his friends established. Its doctrines are now so familiar that post-modernist proposals of an alternative procedure seem merely eccentric, and it is thus most appropriate that the voluminous performance of our "best living reader," the master of explication, receive tribute through careful assessment on the occasion of his retirement as Gray Professor of Rhetoric at Yale.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Possibilities of Order—especially Brooks's long conversation with Warren, which fills half of its pages—reminds us, however, that the formalists' victory was not easy, nor ever complete. Nor were their major adversaries men of letters. For what Eliot and Pound introduced and the Vanderbilt clerisy made specific was a theory in conflict with the predominantly ideological, meliorist, and positivist temper of their age. The spokesmen for these pseudo-religions have been, if anything, more severe with "heretics" than were the moralists of old.

IT WAS THEREFORE a bold deed to insist—to men in a rush for certain meaning, drunk with abstract propositions, and convinced of the absolute power of mind to translate all the world into a formula—that what they sought from literature was available only in the non-discursive, non-instrumental language of form. That the poetic artifact offers a knowledge "in the round," not unilinear—saying not "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk" but "Lo" and "Behold"—is obviously an irritating assumption to futurists addicted to dialectics and the argument from definition. To persuade them that criticism is the submissive apprehension of structure, texture, and tone, and that the conversion of these properties into the language of ordinary discourse can come only after such submission, is a perennial difficulty.

All crafting in words may, of course, be judged finally in terms of its moral effect. The point is that to proceed with the moral question without first asking and answering others is to mistake utterly the kind of inquiry that is criticism and thus to fail in providing a basis for going beyond its limits. No American man of letters has done more to establish these distinctions than Cleanth Brooks. For, as the editor of this collection, Lewis Simpson, rightly observes, Brooks sees in literature a knowledge "which helps to keep open the possibility of the transcendent knowledge of order and meaning that belongs to religion."

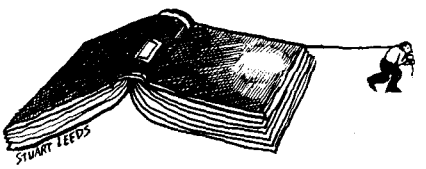
But not a substitute for religion. The modern tendency toward the confusion of the two has been the object of Brooks's most pointed remarks, as the importance of community and its sources has been his most constant theme. For, as René Wellek, Robert Heilman, Thomas D. Young, and Monroe K. Spears insist in their contributions, the caricature of Brooks as "critical monist" and "timid aesthete" could not be further from the mark.

This much is unmistakable in his most impressive study to date, the magisterial *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* (1963)—the first of two volumes and still the best study that we have of the Mississippi novelist—and also in the briefer *The Hidden God* (1963). But if we follow him carefully—from *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (1939) to *The Well-Wrought Urn* (1947) and *A Shaping Joy* (1972)—there is evidence that he knows well the world in which he performs and the audience which he addresses, and that he confronts it even within his exchanges with critical positions that are different from his own or contributory to his perceptions.

A generous colleague, teacher, and friend, devout Christian, and old-fashioned Southerner interested in the survival of the region's special virtues, Mr. Brooks is nonetheless at his best in reading single poems, in accounting for their action and order. His lasting reputation will depend upon these studies. Each is an effort at preservation, either of the work itself or of the standards it fails to meet. For such, as he sees it, is his vocation—his duty, whatever the times. Of his performance of this role we will, I suspect, continue to stand in need: of his stewardship of an inheritance of conditional but still living wisdom. And also of his civility in playing the chosen part. It is a pleasure to see him honored for what he has achieved. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

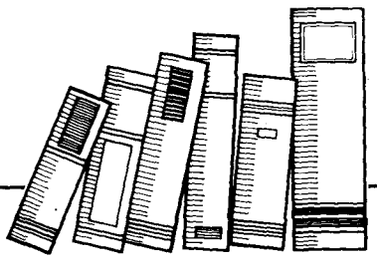
MEN AGAINST MCCARTHY, *by Richard M. Fried (Columbia, 428 pp., $14.95).* Joseph R. McCarthy as a field of study has pretty well been played out by now. Countless scholars and journalists have staked out a claim to some aspect or other of McCarthyism and worked it for all it was worth. The aspect Professor Fried has chosen is not so much McCarthyism as anti-McCarthyism, and in engaging a vertical instead of a horizontal slice of the subject matter, he manages to leave us with some new insights into the McCarthy Era (particularly in regard to Senator William Benton's effort to expel McCarthy and McCarthy's own ouster of Senator Millard Tydings). Still, he does not sufficiently relate McCarthy's senatorial adversaries to the beleaguered Senator himself. The result is a book that does not really tell us what all the excitement was about. In a way, this is a refreshing change from the Rovereish sort of study of the period which finds a McCarthy under every bed, but it still badly needs supplementary data from other works such as Lately Thomas' admirable *When Even Angels Wept* or Buckley and Bozell's *McCarthy and His Enemies*. The book also takes insufficient account of opposition to McCarthy within the Eisenhower Administration. Continually calling attention to the post-1952 Democratic strategy of treating McCarthy as a "Republican problem," Fried, like so many writers before him, focuses almost exclusively on Democratic maneuverings. Indeed, he totally ignores Dwight Eisenhower's gag order on Executive Branch witnesses during the



Army-McCarthy hearings, and he provides us with only the sketchiest view of the Army-McCarthy controversy as a whole. *Men against McCarthy* should not be entirely dismissed, but certainly its flaws outweigh its virtues by an all-too-discernible margin. DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

THE HEARING TRUMPET, *by Leonora Carrington (St. Martin's, 158 pp., $7.95).* Miss Carrington, an English-born painter and writer who has lived in Mexico for many years, is a figure familiar to any student of surrealism. In 1937 she became acquainted with Max Ernst, one of the leading surrealist painters, and traveled with him to Paris, where she participated in surrealist exhibitions and contributed to surrealist publications. In addition to *En Bas*, her still highly regarded (though difficult to come by) autobiographical account of a mental breakdown, Miss Carrington has produced a number of very strange short stories as well as this exceedingly whimsical fantasy, which first appeared in French translation a couple of years ago. Narrated by Marian Leatherby, a lively 92-year-old whose heartless son has shipped her off to an old ladies' home, the novel, particularly in its concluding moments, is almost as weird and as playful as are Miss Carrington's gently menacing paintings. During her stay at the home, Marian, whose hearing trumpet enables her to eavesdrop on secret conversations, encounters plotters, occultists, and a wide variety of other very odd people. Though criticizing such a high-spirited and good-natured work may make one sound like a hopeless curmudgeon, one must report in all honesty that the more whimsical and outrageous Miss Carrington grows—what with her tales of the Holy Grail and accounts of a new Ice Age and world cataclysms—the less inspired and infectious her book seems. Unlike the fantasy of her paintings, the fantasy here too often comes across as arbitrary. Miss Carrington obviously had fun writing the novel, and through at least the first half we have fun reading it. RONALD DE FEO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IT IS BY NOW apparent to most of us that the mass communications media, far from being a neutral factor in our politics, actually play a substantive role—shaping our perception of events, glorifying certain people and degrading others, superimposing trendy formulae upon the gritty stuff of political reality.

The historical how and why of this relationship are explored by Professor Robert Sobel of Hofstra University in *The Manipulators: America in the Media Age* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $9.95). Sobel's thesis is that show business, politics, and journalism are the common turf of "mass intellectuals," popularizers who float between the great unwashed and the world of serious thought, and that the resulting overlaps among the professions have become so numerous that the lines of demarcation are hopelessly confused.

As an integrating concept, Sobel's "mass intellectual" theme seems a trifle underbaked, but it does provide the author with a pretext for writing a lot of interesting media history. His discussions of John F. Kennedy as the quintessential media President, the transgressions and trials of the Hollywood Ten, the marketing of New Left culture heroes, and the rise of political pseudo-events invented strictly for the purpose of being reported are thoughtfully done and well worth reading.

Touched on only lightly in Sobel's analysis is the matter of ideological bias—the way in which the machinery he describes so often tends to favor the forces of the liberal-Left. This process, and the sad results that issue from it, are examined in Edward Jay Epstein's book, *Between Fact and Fiction: The Problem of Journalism* (Vintage, $3.95). In an earlier volume (*News from Nowhere*) Epstein explained the manner in which the technological imperatives of network television gave a geographical and ideological tilt to TV news shows. In this one, he extends the range of his analysis to include print media as well, showing us the disparity between the media image of certain events and the provable facts of record.

Included in this volume are Epstein's classic piece of detective work on the widely disseminated story that 28 Black Panthers had been unceremoniously offed in a police vendetta (a total fabrication), and a masterly discussion of TV coverage in Vietnam, wherein the Tet offensive and siege of Khe Sanh in 1968—both defeats for the Communists—came through the tube as Communist victories. These essays alone are worth the purchase price, though the author's analyses of Watergate, the Pentagon Papers, and William Manchester's *Death of a President* are all first-rate discussions of bias and inaccuracy.

FOR THOSE WHO think such media foibles can be corrected by a touch of government intervention, Fred W. Friendly's *The Good Guys, the Bad Guys, and the First Amendment* (Random House, $10) is highly recommended. This is an immensely important, indeed historic, book. Considering the fact that Friendly was Edward R. Murrow's coadjutor and producer and served a stint as president of CBS News, his liberal credentials can hardly be challenged. Yet he has served up a searing exposé of numerous efforts by sanctimonious liberal Democrats to harass and silence conservatives in the media.

Friendly recounts in great detail the effort of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations to use the Federal Communications Commission and its "fairness doctrine" to put a muzzle on such broadcasters as Billy James Hargis, Dr. Carl McIntire, and Dean Clarence Manion, and to accomplish other harassments through pious front groups such as Group Research, Inc. and the National Council for Civic Responsibility. Some of us guessed the story at the time and wrote up parts of it, but Friendly gives us chapter and verse, names all the players in the seamy drama, and shows the interconnections among them. Must reading for conservatives—and for anyone else who wants to know what's wrong with government regulation of the media. □

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE JIM BUCKLEY ADDRESS YOUR NEXT MEETING?

Well, now you can. For a *limited time only* James L. Buckley will be accepting speaking engagements throughout the United States.

Just think what a difference having an exceptional speaker like Jim Buckley will make (your biggest problem may be where to put the standees). He has a well-deserved reputation for saying just what you feel *should* be said about the things that count most—and does it with the kind of wit and charm that make what he says memorable.

This leading conservative spokesman is now available for speaking engagements through the Catherine Babcock Agency. If you want Buckley as the featured speaker at *your* next meeting, write and tell us the name and address of your organization, the date of your meeting, and we'll handle everything from that point.

WRITE TODAY TO:

Catherine Babcock Inc.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Va. 23451
(804) 428-3301

P.S. But don't delay. The number of open dates *is* limited.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

NATIONAL REVIEW NEEDS a fast and accurate typist. Other Gal-Friday duties also included. Salary negotiable. Please write: National Review, Attn: Assistant Publisher, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

EXPERIENCED EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT/SECRETARY seeking challenge. Young New York consulting group bridging communications, education, business. Must handle clients, run office, take charge. College degree almost necessity. Excellent secretarial skills essential. Write NR Box 3028.

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college opening list in U.S. $5.95; Abroad: $5.95. Principal, Headmaster openings $4.95. Library openings $4.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95; Foreign: $4.95. EISK, Box 662, Newton, Mass 02162.

YOUR RESUME. Write it yourself. Instructions, samples, forms: $3.00. Resume Company, Dept. R, 359 Jersey Ave., Fairview, N.J. 07022.

Situations Wanted

PRINCETON MISS, '80, seeks summer work in N.Y.C. General office, salesclerk, library experience. Write NR Box 3027.

AVAILABLE. KNOWLEDGEABLE. CONSERVATIVE, 42, long experience in newspapers, magazines, public relations, writer of satire, mood pieces, editorials. Proofreading. Speech-writing for public men. Foreign correspondent, Italy and Netherlands. Edited own publication. Write NR Box 3023.

Literary

FREELANCER'S NEWSLETTER—Serving professional writers, editors, artists. News, markets, assignment opportunities. 6 issues: $5. Dept. N, P.O. Box 128, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572.

BOOK SEARCHING. ALL SUBJECTS. Large Stock: lists on request. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

For Sale

THE WAREHOUSE—LOWEST PRICES ON STEREO EQUIPMENT, TYPEWRITERS AND CAR STEREOS. All brand new, factory-sealed, and fully warranteed. Free catalog and prices. YOU CAN'T BUY IT CHEAPER ANYWHERE! Fast service. THE WAREHOUSE, Dept. 11, 187 North Main Street, Milltown, N.J. 08850.

NOTE: Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

Real Estate

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA. Five apartments over two shops. Single residence. Illustrated folders. Withrow House, Washington Street.

LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA, NORTH SHORE—Compound of four gorgeous new homes. 2½ private acres, private beach, pier, boatlift, boathouse. Super tax situation in Nevada!! HOUSES: #1—$195,000; #2—$300,000; #3—$1,000,000; #4—$450,000. WRITE/CALL: B.R.A.T., P.O. 4207, Incline Village, Nev. 89450—702-831-0463.

326.41 ACRES—This beautiful property, high in the Boston Mountains in Arkansas. Secluded, yet with easy access to state highway. Magnificent views. About 150 acres in permanent pasture, with ponds, wells, and clear mountain stream flowing through. Attractive stone house (needing interior repairs) adjoins 20-acre pine grove. Perimeter fencing, deer, turkey, and small game abundant in area. $75,000. Write NR Box 3025.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

GENTLEWOMAN, CONSERVATIVE, attractive, likes theatre, symphony, opera, golf, curling, climbing, travel. University educated, used to country club life. Seeks gentleman 65-70, similar tastes. Chicago and California. Write NR Box 3024.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE—Scientific Computerized Matching, Nationwide, All Ages, Inexpensive. FREE Questionnaire, TEAM, 1270 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10001.

Vacation

CYRANO, a 60' schooner, is available for three-month charters or on mutually satisfactory terms. Accommodates six in three staterooms plus separate crew's quarters. Sail in air-conditioned comfort with a professional captain and crew to the Bahamas or on the inland waterways of Florida. Write to Mrs. Flynn, Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: 212-679-7330.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET. Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, 94102; Charming, Convenient, Comfortable.

ADIRONDACK LODGES on Upper Saranac. By half-month or month, July through September. Several available year 'round. Bartlett Carry Club, RFD 3, Tupper Lake, N.Y. 12986.

Miscellaneous

PRIVACY LAWS permit citizens to examine and challenge the contents of their GOVERNMENT, SCHOOL, CREDIT RECORDS. Booklet contains analysis of rights, major files, addresses, detailed procedures. Send $3 to: S. Harter, Box 17222, Tampa, Fla. 33682.

LIVE IN AUTHENTIC Austrian castle. Attend U.S. accredited courses at the University of Vienna. European tours and field trips. Base cost $794. Baylor Summer Program, Box 147, Baylor University, Waco, Tex. 76703.

DISCOVER YOUR AMERICAN HERITAGE. Learn about your pioneer, revolutionary and colonial ancestors. Complete genealogical research services. John Douglas Gilham, Box 11071, Salt Lake City, Utah 84147.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN coffee liqueur for half the price. An exotic after-dinner liqueur. Delicious in and on desserts. $3.00. Write NR Box 3026.

TERRORIST COUNTERMEASURES detailed in COUNTERFORCE, the magazine on terrorism. 4039 Cole, Dallas, Tex. 75204.

FASTEST PIANO COURSE IN HISTORY! American invention. Free information: Box 751-N, LaCanada, Calif. 91011.

NOW! A book that teaches your mind to assist you to make fortunes. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Rush $15 prepaid to E. El, Dept. D, P. O. Box 60079, Chicago, Ill. 60626.

CHILDREN LEARN SPEAKING EARLY. Undifferentiated kinesthetic, visual habits hamper school training. WRITE-RIGHT TOOL, RHYTHM-ARITHMETIC solve usual learning problems early. Simple, light, spirited homework prevents dyslexia, remedial courses. Boris Lang has 55 years creative experience. For information: stamped envelope. 519 Washington Road, Woodbury, Conn. 06798.

LOSING HAIR, GRAYING? Nutritional discovery darkens, brings new growth! Copyrighted plan $7.50, guaranteed. Nutrition, 4217 Spaulding, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53208.

INCENSE HANDCRAFTED in Texas. Unusual, discriminating gift for friends. Sampler assortment of all our 27 flavors, catalogue and special advanced design burner $4.00. Incense Of The Linga Sharira, P. O. Box 12352A, Austin, Tex. 78711.

GOLF CLUBS—1977 MODELS. Wilson 1200's (3&9): $330. Wilson Staff (3&9): $316. Ping (3&9): $342. Prices on other stix furnished upon request. Send check & specifications to: JUG TAVERN GOLF SHOP, P. O. Box 307, Winder, Ga. 30680. Estab. 1960. Phone: 404-867-4415. Ref. Bank of Barrow, Winder, Ga.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[ANTHONY] LEJEUNE:

Nationalized Medicine

[In Britain—The Great Sacred Cow of the Welfare State]. Nationalized medicine is . . . political. . . . The . . . fact that . . . money has to be allocated to it by the legislature involves it in politics. It is bound to be jostled and squeezed—from one side by demands for public spending on other projects and from the other side by demands for lower taxation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KING

(Continued from page 385)

amusement that the value of farm land around Plains has risen enormously on the strength of the Carter name.

Most tourists now are local, from Georgia and Alabama, or else they are people driving through to Florida who think the detour worthwhile. But it is easy to foresee a real sacking of the place by the foot-loose hordes (one loud motorcycle is enough to shatter the atmosphere) that drift around America looking for any kind of novelty. Plains already has four extra policemen for a total of five, a traffic light, and has caught its first pickpocket. The other day two old ladies stole the "No Smoking" signs from the walls of the depot. Georgia may well revise its verdict on General Sherman before the first summer of the Carter Presidency is gone.

Meanwhile the Plains Baptist Church continues to stand on its broad, sandy, oak-shaded yard as the new log cabin of America—not the President's low brick ranch house half a mile away. To a country famished for symbols of substance, that image is neither hyperbolic nor disrespectful. For there is no avoiding the conclusion that this church and what it teaches is immeasurably a part of Jimmy Carter's strength. It is a power base he comes back to physically and spiritually, a base he has identified for us unmistakably; and it provides the yardstick by which, again unmistakably, he means to be measured. Against such yardsticks the routine political comments look sick in incomprehension, for identifying it does not mean it can be easily understood. It does mean it is worth trying to understand.

The Protestant church is still the largest in America with seventy million members. A good chunk of them are Baptists, and half of these—13 million—are Southern Baptists. The last Baptist President was Harry Truman, and who knows who was the last who so explicitly committed himself to religion as Jimmy Carter—at any rate since religion became something to "choose"? Jimmy Carter did not choose the Southern Baptist Church; he had no choice. But the country did, and it chose him—and Plains.

Of course there was a Frenchman in Plains, a wire service correspondent who follows the White House everywhere. "It has changed so much, even in a month," he said mournfully, flinging an arm in an arc of disdain. I did not see how it could have changed very drastically, bar the automobiles, the sun-glasses, and the bright cotton clothes of the tourists. "It used to be so quiet, but it's on its way to ruin and the ruin will soon be total with this"—here he indicated the piles of glittering effluvium in the souvenir shops—"this cheap, awful mess of peanuts—*cette saloperie de cacahouètes*!"

He then informed me that the best place to dine was a little restaurant off the highway outside Americus where the knowing locals and the press pool went. "It's nothing but a trailer; however it's amusing in the evening." It was, and it was. □

BURNHAM

(Continued from page 377)

related matters suggests the question: Did our nation's historical course, which has been so spectacularly up since its founding, crest about a decade ago? Or is the current dip—remarked, actually, by almost all observers—only one of those "technical corrections" that prepare for the renewed rise to come?

And a final question: Could the purge of Nixon have been another episode in this general pullback I have illustrated by these five projects? In his own twisted way, Nixon was on the side of finishing interstates, producing supersonic transports, and building nuclear power plants. He would even have preferred to win the Vietnam War. □

OLIVER

(Continued from page 387)

warden doesn't (in the opinion of the fire department) adequately perform his duties, he can possibly be prosecuted. He may also be civilly liable if someone he is assisting is hurt, because he is not immunized by the City's "Good Samaritan" law. The City claims this is the equivalent of a government's requiring its citizens to serve in a militia or on a jury. Mr. Kaufman, however, senses a distinction.

Is it perverse to forbid people to flee a burning building? Maybe not, for actually, as Commissioner O'Hagan would have to admit, the people on the floors other than the one with the fire are perfectly safe—which the industry says proves its point: Local Law 5 is unnecessary. In fact, the City's Building Commissioner, Jeremiah T. Walsh, announced last year that the buildings were indeed safe, and that there was no question of any imminent peril if the new systems were not installed.

It transpires that the five victims in the two 1970 fires were not trying to get out of the buildings but were going into them to advise people of the existence of the fires—and Local Law 5 may require safety directors (amateur firemen) to do precisely that as part of their duties.

Also, Mr. Kaufman points out, Local Law 5 says nothing about the contents of buildings and that, after all, is what burns. One of the two 1970 fires raged for six hours but was contained on two floors and did no serious structural damage to the building.

In the past thirty years, not a single fireman has died fighting a fire in a high-rise office building, and there has in that time been only one death other than the five in 1970, despite the five hundred fires that are reported each year. There is the story, not apocryphal, of the fire department's racing to a building and searching it in response to an alarm, but not being able to find the fire until the arsonist who set it told them where to go.

For the most part, Local Law 5 is clearly a case of overkill. And so the judge found, who heard the law suit Melvyn Kaufman and other building owners brought against Commissioner O'Hagan. The judge declared void the provisions requiring stairwell pressurization, the installation of a communication system, and compartmentalization, as well as the drafting of tenants and their employees to serve as fire wardens. O'Hagan's remarks when he heard the decision were said to be highly inflammatory. He promises to appeal—a promise that will bring to New York City further chaos and decay.

That government which governs most, governs worst. □

MATH WITHOUT TEARS

In lively non-technical language Mr. Hartkopf gives you a basic understanding of many of the everyday applications of mathematics.

Emphasizing the practical aspects of math, the author avoids mathematical terms and jargon and takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus.

MATH WITHOUT TEARS is written with a light touch and is filled with interesting anecdotes, spiced with humor.

Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost. ORDER NOW:
MATH WITHOUT TEARS by Roy Hartkopf
$7.95, plus 60¢ handling 10-Day Money-Back Guar

EMERSON BOOKS, INC., Dept. 824-C
Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mr. Carter's Discovery of Human Rights

On The Right

London, March 9—Mr. Carter's references to human rights are causing quite a commotion in these parts. It is not really expected, by working statesmen, that anything more will be done about human rights than to mention them genially from time to time. Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who was keynoter at the Helsinki Conference that eventually brought forth the Declaration, stressed in 1972 that this time around the West would not settle for mere talk. That is the diplomatic way of saying, "this time around the West will again settle for mere talk." It is the diplomatic equivalent of the vernacular use of the word "literally." "Literally" is used to mean "not-literally": as in, "I called you literally a hundred times over the weekend." When on a subsequent occasion, after it became quite clear that the Soviet Union was *not* intending to do anything about human rights and Sir Alec was asked what the West was going to do about it, he said, literally, nothing. That tends to be the preferred way of doing things about human rights, where the Soviet Union is concerned. Ask anyone who has labored in the United Nations on the subject of human rights. He, I mean he or she, will tell you.

That is why Mr. Carter's behavior, which one would not really have thought so extraordinary, is causing such upheavals here. President Giscard d'Estaing is positively truculent on the subject. Human rights, he passed the word to the noble Amalrik, who sought vainly to interview him, are not to be discussed with mere Soviet martyrs. They are to be negotiated through channels, which is the same institution through which we negotiated the fate of Eastern Europe. Chancellor Schmidt of West Germany has flatly refused to see Amalrik, consigning him to as subordinate a secretary in the foreign ministry as he could find.

Another interesting argument has been raised against Mr. Carter's behavior, this time from the right. Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne of the *Daily Telegraph*, who specializes in saying interesting things, makes this point: America is way behind in the business of keeping up militarily with the Soviet Union. And the only reason we exert ourselves as we do is that we sense how awful Soviet life is. Now, if we continue to put pressure on the Soviet Union, what is likely to happen is that the Kremlin will give free speech to all of the two hundred Russians who desire it, then will smile toothily at us, and we will fall over ourselves with appreciation, disbanding the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and the Boy Scouts.

There is a subtle point here. It is related to our current eagerness to make love, not war, with Vietnam. All Vietnam has to do is allow three Red Cross workers into the country to prove Vietnam is not holding eight hundred Americans Missing in Action. Even if it transpires that the reason they are not being detained is that they were all tortured to death, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would hail this act of creative statesmanship as reason to proceed to recognize—or, as we put it these days, "normalize" relations with —Vietnam. It is true that if Bukovsky were given tenure at the University of Moscow, half the Eastern liberal Establishment would announce that the world crisis was over.

WHAT ACTUALLY has President Carter done? And how can the Soviet Union respond?

Mr. Carter has with utter dignity done just a little more than talk abtractly about human rights. He has recognized the existence of real heroes, genuine victims of systematic persecution. He has mentioned a few by name. He has, albeit as discreetly as if he had arranged to see a peep-show, actually visited with one. In terms of policy, he has used no sanctions against the Soviet Union—only against relatively impotent Latin American nations. In the course of doing so—of ruling, e.g., against Uruguay but not against the Philippines—Carter stressed quite candidly the necessity of superordinating the national interest. Translated, that means the Philippines can hit back at us, Uruguay can't.

The Soviet Union would not be motivated to strike or not to strike by our behavior toward the Bukovskys. But a crystallization of world opinion against the tormentors of the Bukovskys is something the Soviet Union clearly does not want—and may not be able to afford. In a melancholy way, the European statesmen here make a certain amount of sense. Are we willing to see through to the implications of our challenge to the Soviet Union to civilize itself? It means, among other things, giving them no acceptable alternative. And that means rearmament, and all those grim and costly things. □

REGULATING THE REGULATORS

New York, March 12 — Republican Senator Charles Percy, along with Majority Leader Robert Byrd and the chairman of the Government Operations Committee, Senator Abraham Ribicoff, is promoting a bill which all good men should endorse, and it is heartening to see the bipartisan auspices under which it is launched. The bill is complicated, but the wonderful ingenuity of it overwhelms the slight cost of mastering that complication. And if the bill is passed, it is not an exaggeration to say that the idea of democratic government will be revalidated. Because as things now stand, the average American is probably affected in the course of a typical year less by laws passed by Congress than by regulations passed by bodies created by Congress, some of them generations ago, and loosed upon society to torment the public.

How do you get rid of a regulatory agency? Or, for that matter, how do you go about reforming it? The answer is you don't. Because the agencies are super-lobbies, and, entrenched as they are, deep in the bowels of Washington, anyone who attempts a neat incision to pluck them out runs into paralyzing pressures and complications by men and women struggling to maintain power, prestige, and affluence. The neatness of the Regulatory Reform Act (RRA) of 1977 is the so-called sunset provisions of the bill. It would say to, for instance, the infamous Occupa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) of the Department of Labor, which recently undertook to instruct a company on the exact size of the partitions separating the stalls in the factory washrooms: if no plan for comprehensive reform is passed, then—subject to certain qualifications—you go automatically out of existence. Under the circumstances, the usual attempts by these agencies to frustrate reform would constitute self-immolation. As far as OSHA is concerned, one could only wish that exactly that would happen. Some of the agencies do work that ought to be done. But virtually all of them need to be reformed with a view to contemporary problems.

If the RRA were passed, all regulatory agencies would be reformed or scrapped over a period of eight years. The bill's sponsors have carefully grouped the agencies in related areas. For instance, during the first two-year period, those agencies would be examined that deal with energy, the environment, housing, and occupational health and safety. A moment's thought establishes the interconnections in these fields.

WHAT THEN would happen is that the President of the United States would recommend to Congress a reform plan for the above agencies by April 30, 1979. The relevant committees of Congress would receive these recommendations, weigh them, hold hearings, amend them, accept them, reject them, but in any event report out a reform bill by May 1, 1980.

If by August 1, 1980, Congress had failed to act on that reform bill, then from that moment on, the affected agencies would lose their authority to issue any new rules (except those certified as necessary for public health and safety).

If by October 1 Congress had not yet acted, then the affected agencies would lose their authority to enforce the old rules.

If by December 31 Congress had not acted, then the affected agencies would cease to exist.

It is contemplated by the prescient sponsors of this legislation that the cycle would continue ad infinitum. And of course it should. This means that every government regulatory body—and there are approximately one hundred, whose rulings result in an expenditure of $60 billion a year if you take the word of the GAO, $120 billion if you take the word of President Ford's economists—would be re-examined every eight years. This is hardly too much to ask, since it takes far less than eight years for situations to change drastically, as witness the energy crisis, which is less than four years old.

Complaints against the regulatory agencies have climbed up the taxonomic ladder to sit side by side with complaints against the weather, taxes, and ill health. It has simply been assumed that nothing ever can be done about them. And with good reason, because in fact practically nothing ever has been done about them. That is why Senator Percy's bill is reason to ring the bells, and remind ourselves that we are supposed to be a self-governing Republic. □

REMEMBER PAUL HUGHES

New York, March 14—I had resolved to give up for Lent any mention of Paul Hughes now that we have been catapulted back into a general discussion of the McCarthy years. But this proves impossible now that I have seen a statement by Mr. Alfred Friendly, retired managing editor of the *Washington Post*, indignantly denying any wrongdoing in his association with Paul Hughes. The Hughes story is probably the single most embarrassing thing that happened in the Fifties to the liberal Establishment. The success of their subsequent cover-up is the kind of thing Nixon dreams about in his prison at San Clemente. Mr. Friendly, in his reminiscences about the McCarthy years, notes that the "best book" ever written about McCarthy is Richard Rovere's (*Senator Joe McCarthy*, 1959). When NATIONAL REVIEW exposed the Hughes case in 1956, the editors teased the court historians for failing to write about it. Mr. Rovere replied huffily, "I agree . . . that the Hughes case is full of import. I know that I shall deal with the Hughes case in [my forthcoming book]." But Paul Hughes was not mentioned in the book.

Paul Hughes was a young confidence man. He represented himself, in 1953, to Joseph L. Rauh Jr., the civil rights lawyer; to Clayton Fritchey, then editor of the official journal of the Democratic Party; and to Alfred Friendly, representing the *Washington Post*, as a disaffected member of Senator Joe McCarthy's Senate staff, willing to feed Rauh, Friendly, et al. confidential information about McCarthy. Rauh's opposition to secret informers vanished overnight, and there was cranked up surely the strangest transmission belt in modern history, establishing a credulousness among top American liberals that would make John Birchers blush.

He gave them "evidence" of a secret alliance between Eisenhower and McCarthy; of tantalizing rivalries between the staffs of the Internal Security Committee and the McCarthy Committee; of imminent plans to enter into forbidden communication with Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet defector in Canada; of marital problems developing between Senator and Mrs. McCarthy; of a clandestine White House conference at which a smear campaign against the Democratic Party was programmed; of McCarthy's informers in the White House, in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, in the *New York Post* (the cooking editor); excruciating teasers about informants whose identity had not been disclosed; and (my very favorite) news that Senator McCarthy had amassed an arsenal of pistols, Lügers, and submachine guns in the basement of the Senate Office Building. All this wrapped up in a chaotic package of notes, official memoranda, interoffice communications, secret transcripts, some illiterate, some eloquent, always steaming with drama and emitting a sex appeal irresistible to the professional anti-McCarthyites.

Now this association continued with, and a sum of almost $11,000 was paid over to, a man who had written what nowadays might be called a premature Huston Plan. The memo dated December 1953 from Paul Hughes to Clayton Fritchey, prepared for Joseph Rauh, said: "Phone taps can be utilized [against McCarthy] . . . Don't discount the tremendous values in just bargaining power of recorded phone discussions . . . A program of this type, although not nice, can result in harm to no one except [McCarthy] . . . As mentioned earlier, being nice, too ethical, or squeamish, will accomplish less than nothing . . . I don't see the necessity for us to send a boy to do a man's work."

EVENTUALLY, after *nine months* of association, on the eve of publishing the definitive exposé of McCarthy, researchers for the *Washington Post* went to work and discovered that the whole thing was a phony. There was a trial: at which the jury refused to take the word of Hughes's employers, freeing him and disgracing them. But you won't read about it in the history books, let alone see it dramatized in *Tail Gunner Joe*. (You can, however, get the whole story in "The Case of the Secret Informer, *or*, The Terrible Disappointment of Joseph L. Rauh," *NR*, Feb. 8, 1956.) I say it again, the story of McCarthy cannot be told without telling the infinitely more complex story of his enemies. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. New York City mayor whose middle name was Henry (why not Enrico?)

62 3 43 8 220 124 76 117 85 91
114 193 202 212 177 18 21

B. Where was he when New York City's lights went out several years ago?

72 130 111 121 159 183 188 173 169 128
150

C. Where millions of immigrants checked in (including yours truly)

101 70 86 127 160 182 78 42 185 190
218

D. A county law enforcement officer

113 12 30 52 83 187 6 179 19 22
68 167 139

E. Adjustment to environmental conditions

123 171 36 32 205 141 51 96

F. What many a delegate to ecological meetings is

146 84 27 195 217 11 154 106 5

G. Islands in the Arabian Sea (sounds as though vice is missing)

174 79 181 57 88 221 203 163 170

H. Latin name of New York City's namesake

180 135 189 200 125 67 112 90

I. The Cardinals traded him to Cincinnati in December, 1949

4 23 34 53 55 77 93

J. Stink

210 14 166 80 105 144

K. City in Surrey

41 38 49 97 152 148 165 28 158 211
26

L. Lengthwise

46 208 81 94 69 60 129

M. QUEER AS MIST

54 219 89 213 82 122 16 24 31 37
164

N. An unlucky thoroughfare

59 2 63 100 103 110 115 176 178 206
35 71 126 134 143 151

O. Representation of a hated person (it figures)

9 39 44 58 99 15

P. The contents of an unweaned calf's stomach

118 175 204 194 191 107

Q. A financial arrangement named for an Italian banker

132 73 92 108 207 64 199

R. The Holy Roman emperor, 936-973

138 1 13 104 20 133 102 137 149 153
155 172

S. Town on Virginia's eastern shore

156 56 47 142 109 17 214 198 161

T. A paternal kinsman

162 209 45 65 116 215

U. In good shape (in a pinch)

168 10 119 95 61 186 74 140 131

V. Where a lot of congressional business is transacted

197 145 50 75 192

W. What Dashiell Hammett's man was

201 120 136 66

X. I MADE AUNT'S KEY

184 7 25 157 29 33 48 87 98 147
196 40 216

DIRECTIONS

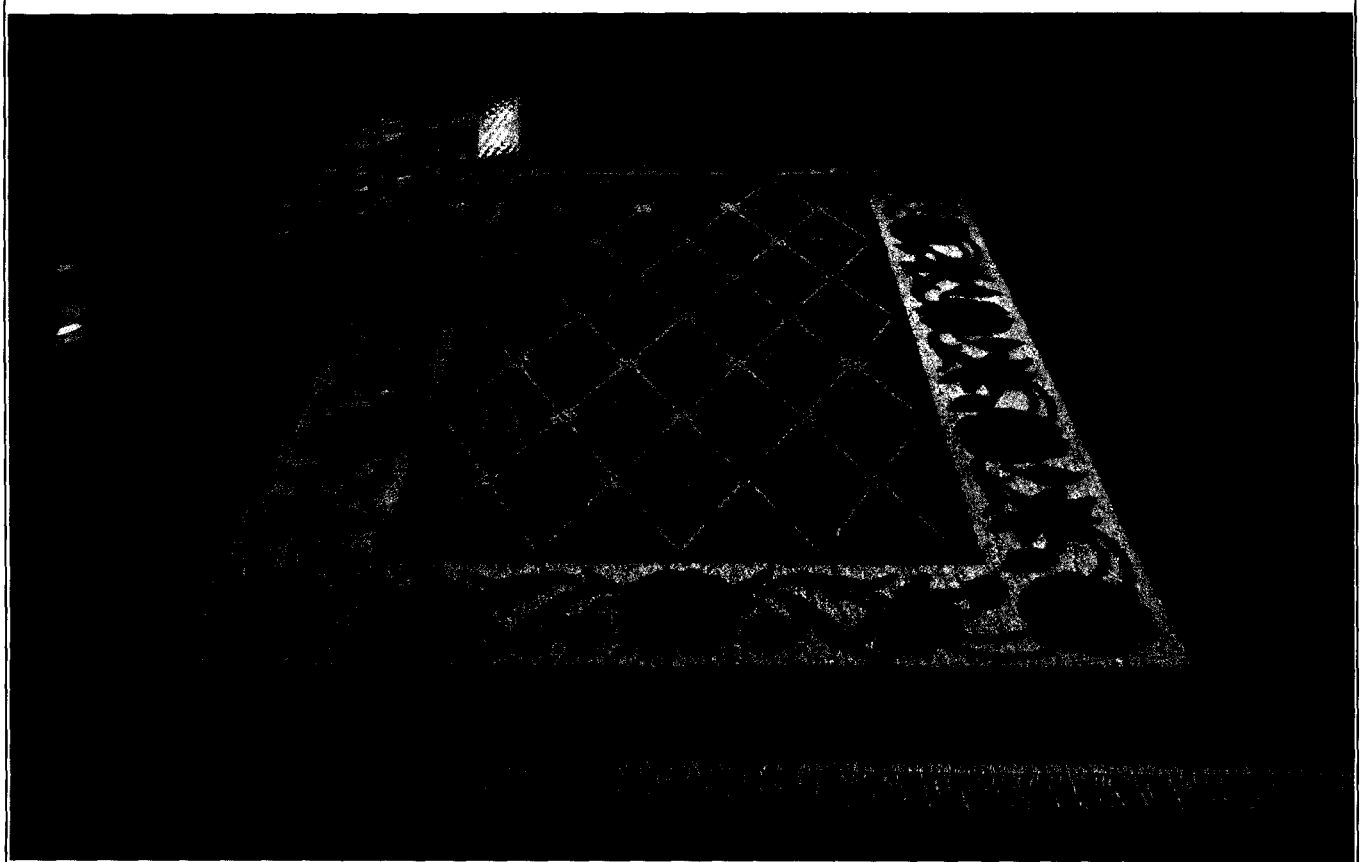
The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 400 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 R	2 N	3 A	4 I	5 F	6 D		7 X	8 A	9 O		10 U	11 F	12 D	
13 R	14 J	15 O		16 M	17 S	18 A	19 D	20 R		21 A	22 D	23 I	24 M	25 X	26 K		27 F	28 K	29 X	
	30 D	31 M	32 E	33 X	34 I	35 N		36 E	37 M	38 K		39 O	40 X	41 K	42 C		43 A	44 O		
45 T	46 L	47 S	48 X		49 K	50 V	51 E	52 D	53 I		54 M	55 I	56 S		57 G	58 O	59 N	60 L	61 U	
	62 A	63 N	64 Q	65 T	66 W	67 H	68 D	69 L	70 C		71 N	72 B	73 Q	74 U	75 V	76 A	77 I	78 C		
79 G	80 J	81 L		82 M	83 D	84 F	85 A	86 C		87 X	88 G	89 M	90 H	91 A	92 Q	93 I		94 L	95 U	
96 E	97 K		98 X	99 O	100N	101C	102R		103N	104R		105J	106F	107P		108Q	109S	110N		
111B	112H	113D	114A	115N	116T		117A	118P		119U	120W	121B		122M	123E	124A	125H	126N	127C	
128B	129L		130B	131U		132Q	133R	134N		135H	136W	137R		138R	139D	140U	141E	142S	143N	
	144J	145V	146F	147X	148K	149R	150B		151N	152K	153R		154F	155R	156S	157X	158K	159B	160C	
	161S	162T	163G	164M		165K	166J	167D	168U	169B	170G	171E		172R	173B		174G	175P	176N	
177A		178N	179D	180H		181G	182C	183B	184X		185C	186U	187D		188B	189H	190C	191P	192V	
	193A	194P	195F	196X	197V		198S	199Q	200H	201W	202A	203G	204P		205E	206N	207Q	208L	209T	
210J		211K	212A	213M		214S	215T	216X	217F	218C	219M	220A	221G							

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Milliken announces works of art you can step on.



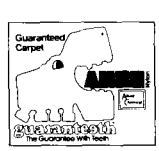
There's no better way to describe our area rugs.

That's why you'll want to make one of them your area rug.

Take the Lorraine, for example. It's a simple. but elegant 18th century French design. And it comes in rich, deep antique colors of Grey, Coral, Celadon, Blue and Brown.

Then there's the Mazagan. A stylized Moroccan rug that will remind you of the ones that are woven by the nomadic tribes of North Africa. It comes in Rabat Red, Oran Orange, Marakesh Black, Berber Brown and Mogodor Green.

Both rugs are made from 100% Anso Nylon, with a five year wear guarantee. And you can get them in 4x6, 6x9 and 9x12 sizes.



They're beautiful enough to hang in a gallery. And priced low enough to put on your floor.

Milliken area rugs. The most affordable works of art you've ever seen. Or stepped on.

MILLIKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, .05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED